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CONTENTS.

THE WEEK.....	61	Co-operative Stores.—Recent Republi-	69
NOTES:		EDITORIAL ARTICLES:	
Literary.....	64	The End at Last.....	70
Mr. J. S. Mill's Last Volume of Disser-		The Mexican Sensation in Europe.....	71
tations and Discussions.....	65	The Bench and the Bar.....	71
From Russia to Iceland.....	67	"Female Influence".....	73
The American Oriental Society.....	67	How We Might Ride.....	74
Janney's History of Friends.....	68	The "Genial Critic" in a New Field.....	76

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The Week.

CONGRESS adjourned on Saturday to the 21st of November. The chief bills passed during the week were the Reconstruction bill and that making the necessary appropriations to carry it into effect—on Friday, over the President's veto; the House bill for the relief of nominal deserters from the army and navy, with Senator Wilson's amendment, allowing no remittance of forfeiture of back pay, etc.; Mr. Henderson's bill for establishing peace with certain Indian tribes now at war with the United States—a practical measure for the security of travel through the Territories and for the selection of a new area sufficient to contain all the unsettled tribes east of the Rocky Mountains, and fit for tillage and pasturage; and Mr. Sumner's bill to allow colored people to hold office in the District of Columbia—which, of course, the President pocketed without signing. The principal interest of the debates was on Friday, when the veto message came in to the House. Mr. Stevens held the reins of the previous question in his hand, but good-humoredly slackened them to allow an earnest, almost impassioned speech from Mr. Boutwell, arguing the duty of immediate impeachment. General Butler followed with a "quousque tandem," but contented himself with confuting the positions of the message. Mr. Williams, of the Impeachment Committee, was quite ready to begin operations. The chairman, Mr. Wilson, on the contrary, was neither to be coaxed nor pressed into swerving from the conscientious discharge of his duty—that is, into reporting, as his colleagues had been doing, before it was time. When he had finished, Mr. Stevens, who had previously given up impeachment on account of "unseen agencies" and "invisible powers" at work against it, called for the vote, and obtained a verdict of 100 to 22 against the President.

The close of the session was marked by some snarling in the Senate and some confusion in the House. In the Senate, Messrs. Chandler and Fessenden had a regular "set-to" in the old-fashioned style, in which "scorn" was flung to and fro with great vigor. The amount of this commodity which is consumed in Congress in the course of a single session during the "spicy" personal debates, would astonish the public, if it could be set down in figures. Mr. Fessenden, besides being very conservative in temperament, is rather tart in manner, but has a sharp, clear, business mind, and marches straight to the point with precision. The small amount of sympathy existing between

such a man and Radicals like Messrs. Sumner and Chandler can be readily imagined, and Mr. Sumner, in particular, has undergone several severe maulings at his hands, many of them entirely unprovoked, and all borne with great patience and good temper. When Mr. Chandler and Mr. Fessenden attempt to work together, however, the scene very much resembles the efforts of an Austrian drill-sergeant to put a bashi-bazouk through the manual of arms. With Mr. Chandler's peculiar style of warfare, and his particular "ideas," most people are familiar, and few, therefore, will be surprised to learn that when he is not extravagant he is abusive, and that in this last bout with Mr. Fessenden he was both.

The President contributed another veto message at the close of the session, in which he repeated what he has said a good many times before, adding that he would "never willingly execute the law"—a phrase out of which some of the supporters of the impeachment tried to extract some comfort, but which of course revealed nothing which we did not already know. The question which interests the public is not what his state of mind will be when he executes the law, but whether he will execute it at all; and there is every reason to believe that he will execute it—not heartily or zealously, perhaps, but after his fashion, and as long as Grant and Sheridan, Sickles and Pope, are in office his fashion will suffice. The comparison of him to James II. and George III. made by one eloquent advocate of impeachment is hardly correct. If the English people had felt sure of getting rid of James in the year 1689, they would certainly never have disturbed him and sent for William of Orange in 1688; and if the American people had felt sure of being relieved of the rule of George III. and of being placed in full enjoyment of their constitutional rights in the year 1779, they would hardly have begun an armed revolution in 1775.

Mr. Greeley has been nominated for the Austrian Mission, and as the Senate adjourned without confirming or rejecting him, he might, of course, go if he pleased; but he announces that he shall decline. He is in principle opposed to the maintenance of foreign missions, and he is by nature anything but a diplomatist. We may add, too, that the Austrian Court is perhaps that one of all in which Mr. Greeley would possess least influence, as it is that in which conventionalism is most worshipped. Mr. Greeley with all his faults is a power in the United States, and at foreign courts a power he would not be; therefore, we hoped he would treat all advice like that of the *New York Times*, encouraging him to start for Vienna, as the advice of an enemy in disguise, but we perceive he takes it as kindly and well meant.

The very fact that General Butler is a lawyer sometimes damages his cause as a legislator. His charge, on the strength of the Booth diary, that Mrs. Surratt was judicially murdered, transferred from the jury to Congress became a weak sensation that brought its inventor not a particle of credit. Last week he was visited in the House with the old reproach about the exchange of prisoners during the war. We have never had reason to think him culpable in that matter, and, after all that has been said, his part in it is perhaps as honorable and as indicative of his ability as any incident in his military career. In replying, therefore, to Mr. Eldridge and *The National Intelligencer*, he certainly went out of his way to assert that the sworn testimony in a court of justice had lately shown that paper to be the accredited agent of the assassin Booth. No doubt Booth chose deliberately a journal of rebel sympathies in which to publish his *post factum* justification, but it was quite possible for him to have preferred (say) *Forney's Chronicle* or the *New York Tribune*; and as a piece of news, either of those papers would have been very glad to receive it.

We are just now a good deal troubled by the condition of Mexico, and some restless Democrats are trying to inaugurate a movement to establish a protectorate over her. We venture to say, however, that no such state of things as is described in the article in the last number of *The North American Review*, on the Judiciary of this city, is to be found either in Mexico or in any other civilized country, and we have not yet heard or seen one word of horror, or astonishment, or indignation from any Democratic man or organ. Of the Republican papers *The Tribune* is the only one which seems to have thought it worthy of attention. The Citizens' Association is silent, and so is the bar, and so are the judges themselves. Although the charges thus solemnly made against some of their number would damn any man of whom they were true to the lowest infamy, they take no notice of them, and sit down smiling and apparently contented in their shame. Anarchy is a bad thing, but there are worse things than anarchy, and a corrupt and debased civilization is one of them; and it would seem as if we should shortly be able to exhibit a very finished specimen of it in this city.

The activity of the Republican leaders in preoccupying the South for their party is forcibly revealed in the circular of the Union Republican Congressional Executive Committee, dated at Washington, the 20th inst. With less than twenty thousand dollars, but through unstinted use of the franking privilege, a Republican organization has been established in every State, and over seventy speakers and organizers of both colors have been employed. There are now twenty thousand loyal persons at the South to whom documents are regularly transmitted, and who in turn distribute what they receive to four times their number; and every Congressional district is in communication with the committee. Since the passage of the military bills the fifteen Republican journals have been sextupled, and among them are twenty dailies. Of course the poverty of all classes at the South compels them for the present to depend wholly on Northern assistance in this campaign; yet the committee say that under their stimulus, "in many localities, funds have been raised to defray the expenses of local agents and much work accomplished." More money and more documents are needed to carry every State. The committee have faith that this can be done, and those who wish to help make it sure can communicate with their secretary, Hon. Thomas L. Tullock.

Mr. G. W. Curtis made a strong speech in behalf of female suffrage in the New York Constitutional Convention this week. The speech has been very imperfectly reported, so that it is scarcely possible to criticise it fairly. So far as we have been able to get an idea of it from the summary published by the daily papers, all that portion of it which deduced woman's right to vote from her right to be well governed, and which sought to base her claims on expediency and on experience, was excellent, and all that portion of the argument which made her right to vote a natural right was, to our view, fallacious. The natural right to vote involves the natural right to govern other people, or, in other words, the divine right of the majority, which Mr. Curtis no doubt, as well as we, would be very sorry to concede.

John Minor Botts is now one of the most active and thorough apostles of the Republican faith and the Congressional policy at the South. He is a candidate for the Virginia State Convention, spends his Fourth of July at Culpepper addressing the blacks, and urging them to send representatives of their own color to the convention, and makes the usual profession of faith of a delegate *in petto*, in a letter to "James H. Barrister, Alexander Jackson, and other colored friends." His tenth article is "universal amnesty and restoration to the great body of the people, who were misled or seduced into the war by the more artful or wicked men, but exclusion from all political power hereafter to those who were instrumental, either by speaking, writing, or preaching, in bringing on the war." Mr. Botts is supported in doctrine by Governor Peirpoint, and both lay a proper stress on public education. Undoubtedly the free-school system will be adopted by every Southern State as part of the new basis on which to re-enter the Union; and it is well to remember that this revolution is principally due to the practical workings of the freedmen's schools established by the voluntary benevolence of Northern citizens, aided by generous contributions

from abroad. As these schools, again, determine the current of immigration and confirm the predominance of Republican principles at the South, the political wisdom of the Freedmen's Aid Societies is very strikingly illustrated.

"How, for instance," asked our London correspondent last week, "will you deal with Mormonism?" Mr. Bowles has answered, Run the Pacific Railroad through Salt Lake City. That expedient will be tried presently; but the Mormonism of Brigham Young is at this moment exposed to greater dangers from within—greater, even, than if the Government were to forbid the importation of Scandinavians into the country. The anti-polygamous branch of Mormondom which was reunited in 1860 by Joseph Smith, Jr., and has now its seat at Plano, Illinois, the State which bloodily expelled the original founder and his followers, is making proselytes not only in Europe, but even in Utah. The "Josephites" denounce the "Brighamites," and if the martyr's son were not afraid of turning martyr himself, he would undoubtedly contest the primacy of the faithful in the Salt Lake tabernacle. Within the immediate sphere of Brigham Young's despotic authority, little has as yet been accomplished; but outside the City of the Saints, the Illinois emissaries are preaching with some success, and do good service in meeting and turning back the fresh accessions to the Utah colony. About a month ago Brigham, we quote from *The Vidette*, an eye-witness, "boldly and openly announced that Amasa Lyman, Orson Hyde, and Orson Pratt had apostatized and were cut off from the Church." These three men were then, or had been, members of the Quorum of Twelve—the Apostolic body that ranks second in the Mormon hierarchy—and Lyman was actually their president. Pratt is returning from a missionary tour in England, and the other two are in Southern Utah beyond Brigham's reach. They are accounted among the ablest and most intelligent members of the Church, which they have aided powerfully to sustain. We do not gather that they were really heretics, but it is possible they could not brook Brigham's intention to make the presidency hereditary in his own line, and nothing would be more natural, in order to divest themselves of the appearance of selfish motives, than to take up the complaint of usurpation preferred by the Josephites against Brigham, in behalf of their present leader, the lawful and ordained heir of the martyr. Other factions and secessions *en masse* are reported, and the issue of the struggle deserves to be watched by the trans-Atlantic pupils of Mr. Hepworth Dixon.

The College Regatta at Worcester, last Friday, was not so remarkable for the mere victory of Harvard over Yale as it was for the diminution of the time hitherto supposed necessary for accomplishing a three-mile course. Indeed, if, as asserted, the course was lengthened this year by twenty seconds, the difference between the Harvard's time and that previously recorded as best is astonishing. It is clear that neither in horse-racing nor in rowing have we done our "possible," but whether we need do more in order to have healthy men and the best breed of horses is perhaps open to question. In rowing, it may be thought, "the trial still is the strength's complement," but the axiom holds rather of morals than of muscles. Fortunately, this year we have to record no serious injury to any of the contesting oarsmen, the weather having kindly removed the chance of sunstroke; we notice, however, the death of a member of Brown University, superinduced by excessive exercise in a match game of base-ball prior to those at Worcester.

We do not remember to have read any treatise on that great American institution—the serenade. Midnight music, other than that of hand-organs, is, of course, not an American invention; in one form or other it must be very nearly as old as the art of love. The Spanish lover, the Italian lover, and the German lover are adepts in it. It is the common form of attention to "the fair sex" in all civilized countries, and probably in some which are only barbarous. With us the serenade is not wasted on sentiment or on women. Once in a while we start from our beds, rush to the window, and would fain appropriate to ourselves the compliment intended for a neighbor across the way or in the next block. It is a novelty of which we do not fail to speak the next morning at breakfast. In general, the men get serenaded,

and when this happens to the lucky candidate on election night, we know that the party pays the bill for the music, and he for the refreshments. But it often happens as it were spontaneously, and then, we confess, we do not always know who pays the bills. In its most harmless application the serenade is merely a corkscrew to the bottle, or a spigot to the vat, of eloquence: the crowd turns, and the orator pours. Maliciously employed, it becomes a thumb-screw or any other instrument of torture. It was thus applied to Mr. Johnson's cabinet in the memorable February of last year. The party of reaction that induced the President to make the speech which Mr. Seward thought "saved the country," wanted to force Mr. Stanton to take sides at the risk of his place. Mr. Stanton appeared, but did not disappear, as was hoped. The serenade given the other night in Washington to the retiring Congressmen was of the innocent sort, and to it we are indebted for a very good speech from Speaker Colfax, who, in a few words, proved that every sin charged upon Congress had been first committed by the President, except that of forgetting to perpetuate distinctions of color.

One of those touching incidents which refute Mr. Hawthorne's excuse for seeking the subject of his last novel in Italy—that there were no gloomy wrongs at home (slavery was not then abolished), in short, no stuff for fiction—is the recent reunion of Frederick Douglass with his brother Perry, who had been forty years separated from him by the common lot of Southern bondage. We are inclined to think that the romance of American slavery has not been exhausted by Hildreth and Mrs. Stowe, but that it will support a host of novelists for many years to come. The very facts of slavery—the truth which is stranger than fiction—may yet form the staple of volumes; and fifty years hence the diaries and account-books of the planters, some of which fell by abandonment into Union hands, will be ripe for publication in aid of history.

Mr. Garrison continues to receive warm testimonials of respect in Great Britain, the last being the presentation to him of the freedom of the City by the corporation of Edinburgh. There has been a subsidence of the faint praise of a portion of the press, and even the highly cultivated and philosophical view of his career taken by *The Pall Mall Gazette* has met with but indifferent success.

The European news is singularly meagre and unimportant. The sudden stop put to the great fêtes in Paris by the news of Maximilian's death has borne very hard on the Cable newsman, who has had in consequence a week of great barrenness. No more balls, no more reviews or processions. In this extremity he has gone back to his occupation of last spring, and for a day or two has been "arming" France for war, and has been "filling" Europe with uneasiness. Judging from his accounts, the people of Europe must lead a horrid life. One anxiety is no sooner over than they are plunged into another, keener and more torturing than the last. They have hardly got over the agony of hearing of Maximilian's death when they behold Louis Napoleon arming and buying horses, and are forced into fearing a bloody war "in their midst." In France the mourning for Maximilian still continues, and the emperor, no doubt, mourns sincerely, and would give much to recall the irrevocable. The story of his sorrow is, perhaps, not so dramatic as lively writers would like to have it. The scene on which the *New York Tribune* based a "thrilling" article, representing the presentation of the despatch announcing Maximilian's death to the modern "Belshazzar" as he sat on his throne in the Great Exposition, the horrible pallor of his guilty countenance, the strange, lurid light which flashed from his diamonds as he read it, was, of course, what the artists call "a composition," and came, perhaps, from the same fertile brain which described the death agonies of P. T. Barnum's lions and tigers in the fire which destroyed that worthy man's Original American Museum. But no coloring or composition is needed to make Louis Napoleon's situation horrible, or make his sorrow seem real. He talks of going to Vienna, but it is hard to see what consolation his presence would carry to the Hapsburgs, in whose annals the past year has been truly a year of woe, filled with defeat, disaster, death.

In England, the business of the week has been the entertainment of the Sultan and the King (late Viceroy) of Egypt. The Sultan has been magnificently lodged in Buckingham Palace, the Prince of Wales acting as host in the absence of the Queen, who is still mourning in the Scotch Highlands. There was considerable trouble about the King, for whose accommodation no provision was made till the last moment, although he entertains every Englishman of rank who passes through Egypt with a princely hospitality. It was then determined to put him up in a hotel—or, as the newspapers in their rage call it, a "public house"—and have the bill paid by a Parliamentary vote, when for very shame Lord Dudley, the great mining peer, came to the rescue, and offered him one of the most magnificent private houses in the world. The matter has excited more feeling than on the surface it seems to merit, inasmuch as it has seriously increased the long growing dissatisfaction with the Queen for her failure to perform the important duties of her station. There is little left now for a constitutional monarch to do in England, except entertain distinguished strangers, and this the Queen flatly refuses to do. She will not even entertain native society, and what with her absence and the long illness of the Princess of Wales, native society is getting alarmingly accustomed to doing without a royal head. Thus it comes that Conservatives are, on this occasion, angrier than the Radicals.

The attention paid to the Sultan both in France and England is vastly out of proportion to his real power; he reigns over 40,000,000 of people, but he cannot be said to more than half rule them. But all the Great Powers compete for influence over him in the hope of having the start of the others whenever the "Eastern question" really comes to a crisis. The enthusiasm of the people is easily explained. The Sultan is the heir of more romance than any other official personage in the modern world, the awful, dark, implacable husband of ever-so-many wives, the lord of ever-so-many concubines, the "Eastern tyrant" of ever-so-many ages of poetry and story. All other monarchs have become commonplace modern gentlemen; he has done so in nothing but his clothes, which are always badly made. Either the Turkish frame does not suit Christian tailoring, or the Sultan's tailors are the worst of their kind. The dark side of his fêteing was, that while he was riding gloriously through the shouting crowds in Paris and London streets, his Cretan vassals were dying by inches on the hillsides of Candia or in the alleys of the Levantine cities for a cause which all the world professes to have at heart, and of which the sultans have for four centuries been the worst and most barbarous enemies.

The latest sensation is the proposed United States protectorate of Mexico, with a view to annexation. This beautiful scheme for rebuking Napoleon without violating the Monroe Doctrine (which only concerns foreign intervention) might have occurred to a good many minds, but, if we may trust the rumor, its author is none other than a brother of Mr. J. S. C. Abbott, the historian. We are afraid it will not receive the attention it deserves. The compulsory protectorate of the Southern States, with a view to annexation, and of Walrussia in consequence of annexation, makes it inexpedient to attempt to cover more territory with the limited wings of our national bird. When General Sherman gets more than one soldier for every three thousand square miles of hostile Indians, it will be time to talk with Mr. Abbott—on some other subject with which he is more familiar.

Santa Anna's fate seems to be still in doubt, but the Mexican public inclines to the belief that he will be shot. The shooting of Maximilian's officers still continues. Since 1793, in France, there has hardly ever been such a glorious vindication of republican liberty against foreign tyrants. If Mexico is not improved by the present process it must be a very remarkable country—that is, if such a brave people needs improvement. It is not every nation that would have the courage to kill an unarmed emperor and scores of generals inside the same month, read and publish their dying letters to their wives, and embalm their bodies for sale to their relatives. What makes this great work all the more interesting is that it is intended as a protest against the "Church Party," which has been at the bottom of all Mexican troubles.

Notes.

LITERARY.

"Tout le monde chôme"—it is everybody's holiday, though in such comfortable July weather it is clear that more vacations are determined by the calendar and by custom than by the thermometer. One might safely guess that those who have taken refuge in the mountains are wishing themselves back again in the city, and hugging wood fires in damp hotel parlors, and finding with dismay that the books they had thought sufficient to outlast their stay will be quite read through before a genial temperature permits excursions. Publishers, we suppose, are as much bound as school-teachers to escape from care and routine during this month and the following. If any remain at their desks, they refuse to take advantage of a rival's absence, and this, with the prevailing dullness in every branch of business, produces general inactivity in the bookstores, and consequent meagreness in the announcements which we usually glean from them. Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son publish this week their work on free trade, founded on Bastiat's "Sophismes," and announce as in press an American edition of Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates," with additions to August, 1867, making a very large volume of 1,000 pages; a new revised edition of "The World's Progress," a manual of universal reference, for the use of schools, brought down to the present month; "The Legend of St. Gwendoline," with eight photographic illustrations, after drawings by Ehninger, quarto; "The Book of Landscape," with sixteen steel engravings from pictures of well-known New York artists, folio—a new edition of a very handsome publication, for which Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Tuckerman, etc., furnished the letter-press; Tuckerman's large work on "American Art and Artist Life," in three editions, one quarto; "Portia, and other Stories of the Early Days of Shakespeare's Heroines," by Mary Cowden Clarke, ingenious romances for the age of sixteen or younger, illustrated; and "The Ghost in Boston," a powerful Christmas story, by W. D. O'Connor, that appeared about a dozen years ago in *Putnam's Magazine*.—Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt will republish two deservedly popular works—they have reached their eighth or ninth edition—by Dr. Pye Henry Chavasse, entitled "Advice to a Wife on the Management of her own Health," and "Advice to a Mother on the Management of her Children." Everybody knows that neither womanly nor maternal instinct can supply altogether, and, in fact, rarely does supply, the place of experience and tradition; and there is so much profitless experience and so much mischievous tradition, that a respectable work which shall supplant both ought to be welcome to almost every family. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields announce "Wool-Gathering," a volume of hitherto unprinted sketches by Gail Hamilton, and "An Arctic Boat Journey in the Autumn of 1864," by Dr. Isaac Hayes, a new and revised edition with illustrations and maps.

—Acquaintance with the language of a foreign country being generally the last and not indispensable requisite of the representatives whom we send there, it would appear to be merely a lucky coincidence that Mr. Eugene Schuyler has been appointed United States Consul at Moscow. The new incumbent had shown, we might almost say, a fatal fitness for the post by his translation of Turgenev's admirable novel, "Fathers and Sons," and his chances would, perhaps, have been hopeless if it had been generally known that he speaks Russian as well as reads it, besides having a knowledge of French, and perhaps one or two more of the Continental tongues. Minister Clay, if he were capable of it, would envy Mr. Consul Schuyler's acquirements; but Mr. Schuyler, if he should remain a dozen years in Moscow, would have no guarantee of promotion. However long he may remain, we hope he will employ his leisure in giving us other translations from Russian authors, and in due time present us in book form with such observations of Russian character, customs, and institutions as it is now exceedingly difficult to obtain, and for which no person is so well qualified, perhaps, as an intelligent American. Viewed in this light, his appointment may be considered a literary event of some interest, and we shall be glad if, contrary to our surmises, it has also a political significance.

—"W. M. R." (William Michael Rossetti?) reviews in *The Chronicle*, the new London weekly, the poems of Walt Whitman, or, rather, deduces from them a critical estimate of the author's place among poets. It is the most temperate of any we have yet seen from Whitman's admirers, and all the stronger on that account. The reviewer believes that a "very extensive and very prominent fame to Mr. Whitman is in prospect, and even inevitable;" thinks that "only a very restricted and literal use of the words rhythm or poetry could deny the claim of these [his] writings to being both poetic and rhythmical," and that they are "of an exceptionally high standard, and with a great future before them." This, in spite of their

formlessness, and of acknowledged blemishes of style, such as the use of "a large number of words detestable to the literary sense, sometimes actually misapplied, and, at best, fitted for a Yankee stump orator, but forbidden to a poet." (But does the Yankee stump orator adorn his speeches with *Philosophia, Harbinger, Experient, Orotund*, and the other words cited by "W. M. R.") Mr. Whitman further appears to him as intensely modern and intensely American, and "may be expected to stand in a relation to future poetic efforts hardly less typical and monumental than the Homeric poems towards Grecian and epic work, or those of Shakespeare towards English and dramatic." This is an unexaggerated version of Mr. (not "Dr.") O'Connor's "open-mouthed" estimate of his friend Walt. Emerson's praise of him is also quoted by the reviewer, who unconsciously explains the possible intellectual sympathy between the two men, when he says of Whitman that "he is sometimes obscure, often fragmentary and indefinite, and too much addicted to writing on an agglomerative system, where scores of items succeed each other scarcely to be fagoted together, still less united." When, finally, after saying that "his book is incomparably the largest poetic work of our period," he goes on to compare it with Victor Hugo's "Légende des Siècles," he suggests an actual resemblance which is perhaps best seen in the enthusiastic pamphlet of a disciple, "The Good Grey Poet."

—A very valuable work must be "A Memoir of General James Oglethorpe, one of the earliest Reformers of Prison Discipline in England, and the Founder of Georgia, in America," by Robert Wright (London: Chapman & Hall). The predecessor of Howard, the founder of the thirteenth of the afterwards United Colonies, and the esteemed friend of Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, and the other great Englishmen of the last century, is indeed an interesting and too little known character. Mr. Wright's book, by its very title, bears an incidental refutation of the quondam theory of the Southern chivalry, that they were chiefly descended from English cavaliers and the warm blood of the Mediterranean races. How Virginia, Maryland, and Louisiana were peopled with transported convicts, is no secret. But the very idea of founding Georgia, after making a defence for South Carolina against the Spaniards to the South, was derived from Oglethorpe's investigation into the prison discipline of England; and he selected as the nucleus of his colony discharged debtors, and "those persons at home who had become so desperate in circumstances that they could not rise and hope again without changing the scene and making trial of a different country." To these he added subsequently—for they proved to be wretched stuff—agricultural laborers, Scotch Highlanders, and oppressed Protestants from Germany and other parts of the Continent. He also provided in the patent of the colony that there should be no slavery; and when Georgia changed its government in 1753 and legalized slavery, he and the other trustees resigned their charter, and washed their hands of the iniquity. Oglethorpe is brought near to this generation by the reminiscences of Samuel Rogers. His present biographer has had access to the colonial papers in the British Record Office, which abound in details of the founding of Georgia.

—The importers, too, or their agents abroad, are taking their holiday. Scribner, Welford & Co. have Dr. Forbes Winslow's "Light: Its Influence on Life and Health" (Longmans). In the appendix the author is incautious enough to quote as possibly genuine the poem, "I am old and blind," which has a thousand times at least been attributed to Milton, and less than a thousand times denied to him, and which, though written by a woman at this moment anonymous to us, may fairly be liked on its own merits.—We commend to the Board of Health Frederick Charles Krepp's "Sewage Question" (Longmans), which gives, to quote the expanded title, a general review of all the systems and methods hitherto employed in various countries for draining large cities and utilizing sewage, with reference to the public health, agriculture, and national economy generally; together with a description of Captain Liernur's system of daily inoffensive removal of faecal solids, fluids, and gases by pneumatic force, etc.—How the mathematics came, notably through the influence of Isaac Barrow, to assume their present importance in the curriculum at Cambridge, England; how they had to contend against the overweening admiration for antiquity and the classics, which imparted a rhetorical form to the writings of the day and stuffed them with quotations, as witness Jeremy Taylor; how the University adopted Neo-Platonism, and was Royalist during the Cromwellian Revolution, and other like interesting matter, should appear in "Cambridge Characteristics in the Seventeenth Century; or, Studies of the University, and their Influence on the Character and Writings of the most distinguished Graduates during that Period"—a prize essay by James Bass Mullinger (Macmillan).—Christopher Hughes has done into English, side by side with the Latin text, the "Odes, Epodes, Carmen Seculare, and First Satire

of Horace" (Longmans). He has added, what is of considerable value, an index of proper names and of first lines of the Odes. The favorite Lib. I. carmen xxii. is vigorously rendered, the initial line, "Integer vitae scelerisque purus," being turned into—

"Fuscus, the upright man,
Who will no evil plan."

—"The Law of Creeds in Scotland," by Alexander Taylor Innes, M.A., treats of the legal relation of churches in Scotland, established and not established, to their doctrinal confessions.

—At Mohun & Ebbs's may be found two unique works, one: "Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters of Books and Men. Collected from the Conversations of Mr. Pope and other eminent persons of his time, by the Rev. Joseph Spence." The original work was in two volumes, published in London in 1820. The owner of this copy has interleaved it with engravings and prints of all sorts to illustrate every proper name and place mentioned in the text. The other is a two-volume Pickering edition of Walton's "Complete Angler," treated in the same manner and swelled into four volumes, with a separate, privately-printed index to all the illustrations.—Among other curious books the same firm have a scrap-book collection, folio, very rare, of the etchings of Stefani della Bella, making 184 pages in all, but many times that number of engravings. There is a very wide variety of subjects.—The "Early English Chronicles" is perhaps not to be found complete, in twenty-one volumes, in this country, except in this quarto edition, which may be had for the trifling sum of \$600. In fifty-three volumes may be had also the "Revolutionary Memoirs," as the English translation is called of the "Biographie Moderne," from the beginning of the French Revolution to 1811. The imperial edition of the "Histoire de Jules César," quarto, the same which is always presented "with the Author's respects," is within the reach of whoever wishes to emulate the crowned heads of Europe.—Of pictorial works there are here the seven volumes of artists' proof engravings from the Royal or Queen's Gallery, the Vernon Gallery, and other galleries and private collections—a recent magnificent publication; also the art treasures of the Pitti Palace, engraved and published at Florence in 1843. Hachette, in Paris, is publishing in numbers, of which there will be sixty in all, La Fontaine's Fables, with large and small illustrations by Gustave Doré. There will be 248 of the former. The complete edition will cost \$15.

—The French Academy has awarded the prize of "haute littérature" to M. Caro for his work, "La Philosophie de Goethe."—The economical and social state of France from Henri IV. to Louis XIV. is the subject of a work by M. Moreau de Jonnés, member of the Institute, which is described as very curious, very learned, and fascinating even in its statistics. The author is a veteran of 89, in a double sense. In '92, as a grenadier, he carried the Tuileries at the head of his section; and more curious than the contents of his book is the fact that his career extends from the death of Rousseau to the present time, and is more or less intimately connected with all the political changes and all the great characters from Danton to Napoleon III., and from the taking of the Bastille to the Great Exposition.

—Two hundred inhabitants of Saint-Etienne complained lately by petition to the French Senate that the city council, in stocking the public library of that place, furnished the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Proudhon, Michelet, Eugene Sue, George Sand, Balzac, and other more or less famous writers. A special report, condemning this selection, was approved by a large majority of the Senate, but eloquently opposed by Sainte-Beuve, albeit he was in feeble health. His attitude on this occasion procured him a complimentary address from the pupils of the Normal School; and the principal, M. Nisard, having expelled the supposed author, and refused to allow him to return, a general withdrawal ensued, but has since doubtless yielded to a compromise, as such "strikes" are apt to yield.

—The third volume of Professor Curtius's "History of Greece" (Geschichte Griechenlands), forming one of the series of hand-books of classical antiquity begun by Mommsen's celebrated Roman history, has just been published. It is divided into three books—"Sparta's Reign in Greece," "Thebes as a Leading Power of Greece," and "Macedonia and Greece," and treats of the period from the government of Athens by the Thirty to the last struggles of Greece for her independence against Philip of Macedon. The author gives a very clear and critically elaborated picture of the balance of power, the *coups d'état*, conspiracies, and corruptions of political parties in Greece, and their leaders; and he always traces the connection between the civilization of Greece and her political history. Especially graphic and accurate is his estimate of Demosthenes.—Nearly ten years elapsed before the author of "Soll und Haben" (Debit and Credit), a novel which had in Germany a success paralleled only by Goethe's "Werther's Leiden," again

brought forward a novel, "The Lost Manuscript," which, we believe, will shortly appear in an English translation. In the intervening period, edition after edition of "Debit and Credit," in every living language of the civilized world, testified to the enthusiasm with which the work of the foremost representative of the realistic school in Germany was appreciated everywhere. Its readers eagerly looked forward for the next production of the novelist; but they were disappointed when it came. Instead of a novel, Herr Freytag published "Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit" (Sketches from the Past of Germany), the two first volumes of which, under the title "Mittelalter" (The Middle Ages), have reached a fifth edition. In the best of styles the author discusses in lively essays the principal episodes of German history, interwoven with miniature biographies of the more prominent historical characters of his fatherland. One of these masterly portraits, drawn in vivid colors, is that of Charlemagne, of whom Mr. Freytag tells the following novel anecdote, which he found in a Latin chronicle written by a monk at St. Gallen: Charlemagne had heard of the vanity and avarice of one of his bishops, whom he accordingly thought to humiliate. He therefore instructed a Jewish merchant, who used to bring many costly things from the Land of Promise, to gull the bishop, and the Jew, embalming an ordinary house-mouse, offered it for sale to the bishop as a very precious and unheard-of animal, which he had brought over from Judea. After some higgling, the bishop, who never gave anything to the poor, bought the great rarity from the Jew for more than twenty pounds of silver. This done, the Jew made his report to the emperor, who assembled his counsellors and bishops, warned them against avarice and vanity, and concluded: "One of you has given so much silver to a Jew for an embalmed house-mouse." The guilty party at once fell on his knees and begged pardon, which was readily granted. Mr. Freytag's book is full of interesting facts of a similar character, that shed much light on the habits and mode of life, the literature, and the influence of the Church of mediæval Germany.

MR. J. S. MILL'S LAST VOLUME OF DISSERTATIONS AND DISCUSSIONS.*

THIS volume contains eight of the shorter productions of Mr. Mill's pen published since 1859, including the recent inaugural address at St. Andrews. One has already appeared in pamphlet form, and the remainder in *Fraser's Magazine* and *The Edinburgh Review*. With the inaugural address and the articles on the "Contest in America" and on "Non-intervention" the American public is already familiar. The one on "Parliamentary Reform" and the review of "Some Recent Writers on Reform" appeared in 1859, when the reform movement in England of which we are now witnessing the consummation was just beginning, and it is in the highest degree interesting to read in the light of subsequent events Mr. Mill's estimate of it and of the course it would probably run. He called attention in 1859 to the small amount of excitement by which the new movement was marked, the small amount of interest which it seemed to create amongst the mass of people, although the leaders of all parties felt that "reform was a political necessity." As it turned out, however, this feeling on the part of the leaders of all parties did not bring reform about. Bill after bill was introduced during the ensuing seven years and all perished under the secret hostility of the House of Commons and the apathy of the public out of doors, and it is notorious that the present one has succeeded not without popular excitement, but under the pressure of popular excitement. In the article on "Some Recent Writers on Reform," Messrs. Austin, Lorimer, and Hare, whose works had then (1859) just appeared, Mr. Mill, too, congratulates the English public on the fact that the reform movement, besides being distinguished by the absence of popular discontent, "seemed likely to be still farther distinguished by the quality of the contributions made by individual thinkers towards a better understanding of the philosophical elements of the subject," and he speaks of the then demand for reform "as being in an unusual degree the product of calm reason." The bill which has actually passed, however, has been the product of political trickery combined with happy accidents, and we believe it would be impossible to point to a single section of it which has been the product of "calm reason," or on the framing of which the thinking of political philosophers has had much if any influence.

Of course however, this failure to anticipate the course of events detracts little if anything from the value of the two papers. A large portion of the points discussed in both of them are of interest rather to English than American readers. The elaborate argument against the ballot con-

* "Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical, and Historical. By John Stuart Mill." Vol. IV. Boston: William V. Spencer. 1867.

tained in the "Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform" derives, we are bound to say, little or no support from the actual working of this form of voting here. After carefully considering it, we are unable to recall a single piece of American experience that would fairly justify Mr. Mill's forebodings about it. His statement of his opinions regarding the propriety of a qualification for the franchise, coming from so able and ardent and effective a champion of universal suffrage as he has proved himself, is, however, of great value, and, although made eight years ago, he evidently finds nothing in it to change. He would give a vote to every adult, of both sexes, as he thinks every man and woman is entitled to exercise some influence on the government under which he or she lives, but he would not allow all to exercise the same influence on the government; and the passage in which he speaks his mind on this matter we cannot help quoting, particularly as we can think of no adequate reply to it, except that what he proposes is not practicable:

"The possession and the exercise of political, and among others of electoral, rights, is one of the chief instruments both of moral and of intellectual training for the popular mind; and all governments must be regarded as extremely imperfect until every one who is required to obey the laws has a voice, or the prospect of a voice, in their enactment and administration.

"But ought every one to have an equal voice? This is a totally different proposition, and, in my judgment, as palpably false as the other is true and important. Here it is that I part company, on the principle, with the democratic reformers. Agreeing with them in looking forward to universal suffrage as an ultimate aim, I altogether dissent from their advocacy of electoral districts, understood as a means of giving equal weight to the vote of every individual. They say that every one has an equal interest in being well governed, and that every one, therefore, has an equal claim to control over his own government. I might agree to this, if control over his own government were really the thing in question; but what I am asked to assent to is, that every individual has an equal claim to control over the government of other people. The power which the suffrage gives is not over himself alone, it is power over others also; whatever control the voter is enabled to exercise over his own concerns, he exercises the same degree of it over those of every one else.

"If it is asserted that all persons ought to be equal in every description of right recognized by society, I answer—not until all are equal in worth as human beings. It is the fact that one person is *not* as good as another; and it is reversing all the rules of rational conduct to attempt to raise a political fabric on a supposition which is at variance with fact. Putting aside for the present the consideration of moral worth, of which, though more important even than intellectual, it is not so easy to find an available test; a person who cannot read is not as good, for the purpose of human life, as one who can. A person who can read, but cannot write or calculate, is not as good as a person who can do both. A person who can read, write, and calculate, but who knows nothing of the properties of natural objects, or of other places and countries, or of the human beings who have lived before him, or of the ideas, opinions, and practices of his fellow-creatures generally, is not so good as a person who knows these things. A person who has not, either by reading or conversation, made himself acquainted with the wisest thoughts of the wisest men, and with the great examples of a beneficent and virtuous life, is not so good as one who is familiar with these. A person who has even filled himself with this various knowledge, but has not digested it—who could give no clear and coherent account of it, and has never exercised his own mind, or derived an original thought from his own observation, experience, or reasoning, is not so good, for any human purpose, as one who has. There is no one who, in any matter which concerns himself, would not rather have his affairs managed by a person of greater knowledge and intelligence than by one of less. There is none who, if he was obliged to confide his interest jointly to both, would not desire to give a more potential voice to the more educated and more cultivated of the two.

"The most direct mode of effecting this would be to establish plurality of votes in favor of those who could afford a reasonable presumption of superior knowledge and cultivation. If every ordinary unskilled laborer had one vote, a skilled laborer, whose occupation requires an exercised mind and a knowledge of some of the laws of external nature, ought to have two. A foreman or superintendent of labor, whose occupation requires something more of general culture, and some moral as well as intellectual qualities, should perhaps have three. A farmer, manufacturer, or trader, who requires a still larger range of ideas and knowledge, and the power of guiding and attending to a great number of various operations at once, should have three, or four. A member of any profession requiring a long, accurate, and systematic mental cultivation—a lawyer, a physician or surgeon, a clergyman of any denomination, a literary man, an artist, a public functionary (or, at all events, a member of every intellectual profession at the threshold of which there is a satisfactory examination test) ought to have five or six. A graduate of any university, or a person freely elected a member of any learned society, is entitled to at least as many. A certificate of having passed through a complete course of instruction at any place of education publicly recognized as one where the higher branches of knowledge are taught, should confer a plurality of votes."

"Bain's Psychology" is an elaborate review of "The Senses and the Intellect," and the "Emotions and the Will," published by that author in 1855 and 1859, books which are now familiar to most students of philosophy. Mr. Bain is now the acknowledged head of the "Association Psychologists," who may be pronounced the most advanced section of the great *à posteriori* division of philosophers. Mr. Bain has gone one step—but it is a very im-

portant one—beyond his predecessors, in ascribing to the brain not only the power of receiving sensation, but spontaneous activity capable of originating movements without any impression from without, and thus putting the machinery of association, if we may call it so, in motion. Mr. Mill probably never appears to so much advantage as a writer as when he is engaged in the discussion of subjects of this class, as they are subjects for the discussion of which power of clear statement is as important as it is rare, and Mr. Mill possesses it in an almost unrivalled degree.

"The Contest in America," which appeared in 1862, when the fortunes of the North were at the lowest, is perhaps the ablest and noblest tribute to the righteousness of its cause which the struggle called forth on the other side of the water. It would be hard to find in the English language a finer specimen of argumentative indignation, or indignant argument, whichever we please to call it. Mr. Mill's style is, of all things, intellectual, and when it is suffused with the deep feeling, as in his political writings it sometimes but not often is, the result is apt to be a model of vigorous eloquence—that most vigorous of all kinds of eloquence in which every movement contains evidence of power held in restraint and disciplined. The following is now a famous passage, but it reads now better than when it was written (1862), and deserves remembering:

"For these reasons I cannot join with those who cry Peace! peace! I cannot wish that this war should not have been engaged in by the North, or that, being engaged in, it should be terminated in any conditions but such as would retain the whole of the territories as free soil. I am not blind to the possibility that it may require a long war to lower the arrogance and tame the aggressive ambition of the slave-owners to the point of either returning to the Union, or consenting to remain out of it with their present limits. But war, in a good cause, is not the greatest evil which a nation can suffer. War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things; the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing *worth* a war, is worse. When a people are used as mere human instruments for firing cannon or thrusting bayonets in the service and for the selfish purposes of a master, such war degrades a people. A war to protect other human beings against tyrannical injustice; a war to give victory to their own ideas of right and good, and which is their own war, carried on for an honest purpose by their free choice, is often the means of their regeneration. A man who has nothing which he cares more about than he does about his personal safety is a miserable creature who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself. As long as justice and injustice have not terminated their ever-renewing fight for ascendancy in the affairs of mankind, human beings must be willing, when need is, to do battle for one against the other. I am far from saying that the present struggle, on the part of the Northern Americans, is wholly of this exalted character; that it has arrived at the stage of being altogether a war for justice, a war of principle. But there was from the beginning, and now is, a large infusion of that element in it; and this is increasing, will increase, and, if the war lasts, will in the end predominate. Should that time come, not only will the greatest enormity which still exists among mankind as an institution receive far earlier its *coup de grâce* than there has ever, until now, appeared any probability of; but in effecting this the free States will have raised themselves to that elevated position in the scale of morality and dignity which is derived from great sacrifices conscientiously made in a virtuous cause, and the sense of an inestimable benefit to all future ages brought about by their own voluntary efforts."

Perhaps the most interesting tribute in the volume is that on "Austin's Jurisprudence." Mr. Austin was one of the ablest men England has produced in the present century, and the second Englishman who could fairly lay claim to be considered a jurist in the large sense of the term—that is, a man who made a successful study of the philosophy of law. He was not, properly so called, a disciple of Bentham, as he worked a narrower field, and with much more effective tools as far as the world outside was concerned. Bentham occupied himself with the whole field of legislation, Austin only with the form which all bodies of law must take. Bentham's voluminousness, complexity of arrangement, combined with the extraordinary jargon which he invented for his own use, prevented the general public from ever knowing much about his labors, except in a few short papers of popular interest, such as the "Defence of Usury," which made him famous, and would have always prevented it, if his friend Dumont had not undertaken the herculean task of mining in his manuscripts and presenting some of the ore to the world in a portable shape, though in French. Austin died young, five or six years ago, leaving his "Lectures on Jurisprudence," which were a sequel to his "Province of Jurisprudence Determined," unfinished, and a large portion of the material presented to the public in his last volume consisted of memoranda and fragments. His lectures excited extraordinary interest in London at the time of their delivery, amongst the ablest men in England. The course was followed by the most distinguished, though not the most numerous, audience that any English lecturer has ever been able to get together. Had he lived, he would undoubtedly have founded what no community of the Anglo-Saxon race has yet produced—a school of legal philosophy. The appearance of Mr. Maine on the scene just as Mr. Austin was quitting it

proves, however, that the seed sown by the latter did not fall on stony ground, and that brilliant results in the same field of enquiry may still be looked for from English students. Mr. Mill's review is simply a résumé of what Mr. Austin accomplished. The only bit of criticism in it is his adherence as against Mr. Austin, and justly, it seems to us, to the classification of the body of law adopted by Bentham and James Mill—that is, of a law of rights and duties, and law of wrongs and remedies—Mr. Austin having followed the Roman classification somewhat closely, making his classification consist of two divisions of the law of rights, including under the latter what he calls "sanctioning rights," *i. e.* remedies, and "consequences of duties."

In the article on "Grote's Plato," which may be called the weightiest and most elaborate article in the collection, Mr. Mill has done for Mr. Grote what Mr. Grote himself has done for Plato, and he has displayed in it that happy faculty of explaining ancient life by illustrations drawn from the modern world, and of using the lesson of ancient life in the social philosophy of our own day, which has given Mr. Grote's labors so much of their charm and value.

FROM RUSSIA TO ICELAND.*

ONE can never be certain where Mr. Browne's humor will carry him when dealing with things which, being in one sense facts, may be styled sober realities; but the extent to which it will go when he lets it loose we were first made aware of by his present narrative. It is easy, when once forewarned, to allow for that habitual extreme exaggeration which is the characteristic quality of American humor. But it is difficult, for simple-minded and untravelled readers at least, to discern the true from the fantastic when both are bound up together, as here, in the closest connection. These excesses are not redeemed by an unusual amount of moralization—unusual for our author. The combined effect is of alternate exaltation and depression, quite incompatible with the steadiness of a guide. Mr. Browne's intention is to amuse, but as he is capable of instructing also, it is a pity he should sacrifice to the more doubtful aim the nobler one—the one at any rate which, as a traveller telling us of strange lands, it would seem that he ought to have kept in view. The chapters on the "nose regiment" and on the "mysterious adventure" would justly shake dependence on statements quite trustworthy, such as the descriptions of the Moscow and St. Petersburg Railroad—which, by the way, has just passed into private hands—of the country between the two capitals, of the public and private buildings in Moscow, of the bear-hunts of the court and nobles, of the customs and traits of the people, etc., etc.

As may be inferred, the author did not directly visit "the land of Thor." A few weeks previously spent in Russia, in the cities just named, gave him material for half his book, but of course gave him opportunity for only the most superficial observations. Of interior and domestic life he saw almost nothing; of green roofs and gilded domes a great deal; and of the people in the streets he saw enough to make him partial to their native disposition, and to make him prefer the unobtrusive, if despotic, regimen of the Czar to the police systems of France and Germany, which incessantly recall the absence of liberty. Emancipation of the serfs was not yet consummated, and Mr. Browne is at pains to instruct Alexander in his duty, evidently fearing, however, that his remonstrances will not be heeded. He perhaps has a better opinion of Alexander now, and brighter hopes of Russia; and he probably would not have written, though he has printed, after Sadowa: "The states of Germany—what future have they?"—implying, of course, that they have no "future," or a very melancholy one.

From the Volga to the Arctic Circle, which is the range of these covers, the spectacle of a drunken man, the smell of whiskey and tobacco, the opportunities for dispensing with spittoons, throw the author into what must be thought indecent ecstasies, and invariably remind him of America, of home, of California. Mr. Browne has undoubtedly a genuine affection for the Pacific Coast, but he has an odd way of showing it. The climate and the scenery of California he often compares favorably with those about him; its people only as viewed from the side of its vices, or rather of the vices of its worst and no longer representative class. The taste and wit of these truly odious comparisons, repeated *ad nauseam*, are therefore exceedingly questionable, even when they provoke a smile. A foreigner who should chance upon this book, or indeed upon any other by the same writer with which we are acquainted, would certainly derive from it a very erroneous impression of California manners, as, to let one example answer for a score, from this passage (p. 188):

"There was something really homelike in a reeling, staggering crowd—their shouts and uproarious songs, their boozy faces and tobacco-stained mouths. Everybody

seemed to be on a regular 'bender.' The only point of difference between the Swedish and the California 'bender' was in the way the boys hugged and kissed the peasant girls; but even in this respect," etc.

In Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Iceland—the true land of Thor, in short—Mr. Browne restrains himself, and tells in a generally unobjectionable way a good deal that is useful to know about those countries. It is pleasant, for one thing, to have in the same book descriptions, more or less minute, of Stockholm, Copenhagen, and St. Petersburg—the Venices of the North. In Scandinavia, too, and in Iceland, we are no longer confined to views from the outside, but are favored with gratifying accounts of peasant hospitality in circumstances the most trying to host and guest. The horrors of the "best chamber," it appears, are not peculiar to the country houses of New England and the West. When we have added that the chapters on Iceland are rendered more valuable by the illustrations—some, not all—we have said more than we care to assert of the remainder. The sketches of landscape in that volcanic island suggest great possibilities for the artist resolute enough to encounter the drawbacks of rough roads, bogs, fords, and uneven weather.

The following description has sufficient interest, we hope, to excuse the style:

"Before me stood the tall, thin, shambling, raw-boned figure of a man a little beyond the prime of life, but not yet old, with a pair of dancing gray eyes and a hacket-face, all alive with twists and wrinkles and muscles; a long, lean face, upon which stood out prominently a great nose, diverted by a freak of nature a little to one side and flanked by a tremendous pair of cheek-bones, with great hollows underneath. Innumerable ridges and furrows swept semicircularly downward around the corners of a great mouth—a broad, deep, rugged fissure across the face, that might have been mistaken for the dreadful child-trap of an ogre but for the sunny beams of benevolence that lurked around the lips, and the genial humanity that glimmered from every nook and turn. Neither moustache nor beard obscured the strong individuality of this remarkable face, which for the most part was of a dull granite color, a little mixed with limestone, and spotted with patches of porphyry. A dented gutta-percha forehead, very prominent about the brows, and somewhat resembling in its general topography a raised map of Switzerland, sloped upward and backward to the top of the head; not a very large head, but wonderfully bumped and battered by the operations of the brain, and partially covered by a mop of dark wavy hair, a little thin in front and somewhat grizzled behind; a long, bony pair of arms, with long hands on them; a long, lank body, with a long black coat on it; a long, loose pair of legs, with long boots on the feet, all in motion at the same time, all shining and wriggling and working with an indescribable vitality; a voice bubbling up from the vast depths below with cheery, spasmodic, and unintelligible words of welcome—this was the wonderful man that stood before me, the great Danish improvisator, the lover of little children . . . this was no other, and could be no other, than Hans Christian Andersen."

THE AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY.*

WHAT sensations Dr. Bigelow would experience at the sight of these learned volumes, and a knowledge of the aim and purpose of the society which published them, can be faintly imagined by those who have read his indignant protest against the turpitude of Homer and the futilities of the dual number and the middle voice. That a couple of hundred respectable gentlemen, most of them wearing black broadcloth and advanced in life, should deliberately set to work to cultivate and extend the knowledge of the "Asiatic, African, and Polynesian languages"—should import Chinese type, and print in Sanscrit the "Atharva-Veda-Praticākhyā," with a commentary for the information of the enlightened Yankee nation—must be a thought so painful to every admirer of steam-engines and sewing machines, that we doubt if the fact has been accepted in all its blank enormity. Even Dr. Bigelow allows that there may be some advantage derived from the study of Greek, in spite of the horrors of the middle voice and the second aorist—but what possible benefit can accrue from the Drawidian dialect, or the barbarous vocabularies of Tamil and Telugu? Nevertheless, it is our sad duty to record the fact that, though still "we have a Pacific Railroad to be built and a nation to be reconstructed," there are misguided scholars in the United States who will persist in reading Persian and Japanese, and will even prepare grammars of the Isizulu and the Micronesian languages.

The originators of the American Oriental Society seem to have been certain learned and pious men in Boston, Andover, New Haven, and New York who shared in the general revival of Oriental studies within this century, and who had the additional incentive of a strong interest in foreign missions. It is well known how modern is the whole subject of comparative philology, and how much has been done to develop it by the researches of missionaries and magistrates in the East. Before the time of Sir William Jones and Warren Hastings, the Jesuits in India and China had given much information respecting the literature of those countries; but since the occupation of India by the English, and the establishment of

* "The Land of Thor. By J. Ross Browne. Illustrated by the Author." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.

* "Journal of the American Oriental Society. Volumes I.-VIII." New Haven: E. Hayes; New York: B. Westermann & Co.

our American Board of Foreign Missions, more recently, the work of investigation has gone on very rapidly. And yet it is amusing to notice how ignorant many eminent men have been on Oriental topics. The great Sir William Jones complained of a Chinese dictionary that it did not contain the letters A and B—the former letter being never used as initial, and the latter never used at all in Chinese words; and even so late as 1827, the celebrated but superficial Dugald Stewart spoke of the Sanscrit as a jargon made up from Greek and Latin. The Asiatic Society of Paris was not founded until 1822, under the direction of De Sacy, Remusat, and other famous Orientalists. Twenty years later, Dr. Jenks, Dr. John Pickering, Professor Stuart, Dr. Edward Robinson, and others established the American Oriental Society, which was incorporated by the Massachusetts Legislature in 1843. Its first president was Dr. Pickering, whose address, delivered in May, 1843, gives a good summary of the then existing condition of Oriental scholarship in this country, in England, and on the Continent. Dr. Pickering died in 1846, two years after his old friend Peter Du Ponceau (who also was one of the original members of the society), and was succeeded as president by Professor Robinson. About the same time the office of corresponding secretary was accepted by Professor Edward E. Salisbury, of Yale College, whose labors for a succession of years were sufficient to build up the society and to make New Haven as much its home as Boston had been. At the present time Dr. Woolsey, president of Yale College, is president of the society, its fine library is in New Haven, its corresponding secretary, Professor W. D. Whitney, resides there, and several of its most active members are connected with Yale College. The number of corporate members is now nearly two hundred, of corresponding members nearly a hundred, and there are about thirty honorary members. Among the past and present members in this country we find the names (besides those given above) of the two Everetts, Edward and Alexander; R. W. Emerson, W. C. Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Theodore Parker, Noah Webster, Joseph E. Worcester, Dr. Peter Parker, Dr. F. L. Hawks, Dr. Charles Pickering, C. L. Brace, and Caleb Cushing; in foreign countries, Alexander von Humboldt, Richard Lepsius, Julius Mohl, Stanislas Julien, Ernest Renan, Franz Bopp, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and Sir John Bowring. And though it could hardly be expected that all the members should take an active part in the discussions and correspondence of the society, yet the extent to which this has been done shows the interest felt by the great majority in the special work undertaken.

But what is this work? It is perhaps imagined by some that to be a member of the Oriental Society it is necessary to read at least one "Asiatic, African, or Polynesian language," and to be able to discuss topics in Arabic, Sanscrit, Chinese, or Persian literature. No doubt this would be desirable, but it is not expected of all those elected to membership. Nor, on the other hand, are the only requisites, as a witty outsider once said, "to live down East, and have five dollars in your pocket." It seems to be expected of the members that they shall first of all take an interest in learning, and particularly in that branch of learning which deals with the languages, history, institutions, and civilization of nations, remote either in space or time. Ethnology is, perhaps, the best single term to denote this class of topics; and this is a science which may be studied and promoted by merchants, travellers, missionaries, sailors, and observers of all kinds, as well as by professed scholars. It is the ethnology of the East that the American Oriental Society specially considers; but in doing this there is a place for those who are familiar only with Latin and Greek among foreign tongues, or who are confined strictly to the vernacular.

"We call upon the enlightened and cultivated in our community," said the directors, in 1838, "to come forward in aid of the society. We rely especially upon classical scholars, and professors of philology, philosophy, and the historical sciences in our colleges. We rely also upon general students of history, literature, and art. We rely upon those who are interested for the character and reputation of American scholarship. We rely upon the friends of missions and of the missionaries. We rely upon American merchants who have been successfully engaged in Eastern commerce, assured that they feel more than a merely commercial interest in the East. The society is an association not of Oriental scholars only, but for the promotion of Oriental science."

In the quarter of a century that has passed since the humble beginnings of this association, it has done much to justify the hopes with which it was founded. It has collected a library containing thousands of volumes and hundreds of manuscripts, most of them rare, some unique, and all of value to the student. It has published four or five thousand pages of curious and learned research, which has added largely to the knowledge of mankind. It has served as a means of communication between scholars in all parts of the world, and has aided their private studies by information, sympathy, and encouragement. It has not produced a patent churn or an improve-

ment in steam-engines or cotton machinery, but it has done something to open to Western commerce and to Western ideas the wealthy and populous empires of China and Japan. At the last annual meeting, held in Boston on the 22d of May, it was stated that the Chinese government are about establishing schools in which the sciences of Europe, and, in particular, the Baconian philosophy (to which it is fashionable to ascribe much potency in modern civilization), are to be taught to Chinese youth; and in these schools we find members of our own Oriental Society employed as teachers.

There has been, however, a serious defect in the administration of this society. It has not allowed, or at least has not sought, that publicity which the value of its labors deserved. For this reason, little is known of it outside of the circle of members. It is much to be desired that the directors should cause to be published, in newspapers and magazines, the principal transactions and the most important information of the society. In this way it would reach thousands of readers who now never see the volumes of the "Journal," and it would stimulate researches as well as satisfy curiosity. We commend this suggestion earnestly to the attention of the society, being confident that, if acted upon, it will greatly enlarge the usefulness of their organization.

JANNEY'S HISTORY OF FRIENDS.*

THE work before us, of which the first two volumes were published in 1859, opens with a statement of the more prominent "testimonies" of the early Friends, which is succeeded by a very cursory sketch of the history of the Christian Church to the time of George Fox. Then follows a record of the experiences of that remarkable man, who for many years was a veritable apostle of the truth, a particular statement of the persecutions to which he and his followers were exposed from magistrates, priests, and people, and all other noteworthy matters relating to the society until the separation, which took place in America about the year 1828, the circumstances preceding and attending which are very fully detailed in the latter half of the fourth volume. The bulk of the work consists of more or less minute memorials of a very large number of ministers and other prominent men and women, the reading of which, it must be confessed, is sometimes a monotonous employment; but the monotony is frequently relieved, especially in the earlier part, by incidents of an heroic or sadly tragic character. The records from which the author was able to draw the material for the construction of his history were ample, perhaps more full and complete than those which have been preserved by any other sectarian body.

It is remarkable that those most actively engaged in organizing the Society of Friends were young men and young women, few being thirty years of age at the commencement of their ministry, and some not more than eighteen or twenty. George Fox himself was about twenty-three years old when he began to preach in 1647. All the more noble, therefore, is the story of their constancy under the severest trials of their faith, and it would awaken much wonder in us had we not learned in the school of experience that the little trials of this life are even harder to bear than the large ones, and that there is in every great cause an inspiration adequate to the making of martyrs. The society rapidly took form and gained adherents. The period was one of much theological as well as political activity, and there seems to have been a large class of persons denominated "seekers" who were very ready to join such a movement as this. The "testimonies" of the new Protestants brought them of necessity into collision with those in authority in such troublesome times, and imprisonment in noisome dungeons, the stocks, and many stripes were the aliment upon which they thrived for many years. To those holding the supreme power in the state they spoke boldly, and they do not seem to have been treated by them with especial discourtesy. It is perhaps an open question whether Cromwell did not intend to be somewhat facetious when, at the close of a conversation with George Fox, he said to the leather-clad apostle, "Come again to my house; for, if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other."

After about the year 1720, when their persecution had in great measure ceased, the society seems to have grown much more slowly than before. The narrative becomes less interesting to the outside reader, excepting when it touches, as it necessarily often does, upon the connection of the society or of its members with the great social questions of the day. The evils of slavery and the slave-trade engaged the attention of this people almost simultaneously with their settlement in America, but with characteristic slowness, though with equally characteristic pertinacity, the question was dealt with and argued upon for eighty years before total abstinence from

* "History of the Religious Society of Friends, from its rise to the year 1828. Vols. I.-IV. By Samuel M. Janney." Philadelphia: T. Ellwood Zell.

all connection with the institution was required of the members. In the anti-slavery agitation of the past thirty years the Quaker "testimony," renewed and vitalized by the Motts, the Hoppers, and others less famous but equally faithful, contributed powerfully to the great overthrow which could not come through peace. Against intemperance also the Friends have labored efficiently, for the promotion of education, for a juster system of prison discipline, and for many other humane objects. Their treatment of the Indian tribes in this country gains lustre from the unhappy occurrences of the present hour.

If the author, himself a Friend and a schismatic, had taken too favorable a view of the position both of the society and the branch to which he belongs, it would not have been surprising, and it is probable that the record has been colored to some extent in this way. Yet there is an evident intention to write with judicial fairness; for instance, after detailing the infamous persecutions to which Friends were subjected in New England, particularly in Massachusetts, he says: "Although a regard for historical accuracy requires an impartial account of the severe persecutions endured by the early Friends in New England, the narrative cannot be continued without reluctance; especially when we reflect that among no people on earth is religious liberty, in this age, more highly appreciated or more fully secured than by the descendants of the Pilgrims." And, further, after giving an account of the execution of certain Friends on Boston Common: "There can be but one opinion among all reflecting minds concerning the bloody tragedy enacted at Boston; it should be remembered, however, that a large proportion of the colonists were opposed to the course pursued, and the infamy must rest upon a few who were enabled, by the ecclesiastical features of their government, to hold the reins of power."

In treating of the great separation—a difficult task—we should say that Mr. Janney has endeavored conscientiously to do justice to both parties, and, it seems to us, with a considerable degree of success. Belonging as he does to the branch called "Hicksite," to distinguish it from the "Orthodox" Friends, it is to be expected that the latter will not accept his narrative as a truthful account of the event, its causes, and the principles involved; at the same time, it must be borne in mind that the feeling of bitterness subsisting even yet between the two branches, especially on the part of the Orthodox, is such as ill comports with their peaceful and forgiving faith, and prevents that fair and equitable judgment which is to be desired. Mr. Janney frankly acknowledges, what we think must appear to any unprejudiced reader, that in regard to belief both parties had somewhat diverged, and that in opposite directions, from the position held by George Fox and his more prominent converts. Yet the belief of these earlier Friends was not uniform, and in this connection our author well says: "An attempt to enforce entire uniformity of belief was the rock upon which the Protestant reformers split, and which the early Friends had the wisdom to avoid. In the days of George Fox they were remarkably tolerant; but in succeeding times, as the bond of Christian love grew weaker, a greater reliance upon rules of discipline became manifest."

The work is much of it written in a plain, simple, unpretending style, but abounds in some parts in that peculiar stilted Scriptural phraseology with which those who have often attended Friends' meetings or read Friends' books are thoroughly familiar. Sewell's "History of Quakers" has the advantage of the direct personal knowledge and connection of its author with many of the events which he details, it having been written between 1700 and 1720, and is attractive on account of a certain quaintness of style, but it covers a period of only about seventy years. There are other histories, but none, we believe, so comprehensive as that now offered to the public. We commend it to the reading of persons of all sects, and not least to the young, for an insight into spiritual purity and fidelity to the inner light such as are not likely to be exhibited again, certainly not in our day, in the formation of a new society. The Quaker forms and organization are perhaps declining, and may, in a few generations, become extinct. Even more on this account is their history worth studying, and their decadence may serve even more distinctly than their rise to point out the foundations of the "broad church" of the future.

Co-operative Stores. Their History, Organization, and Management. Based on the recent work of Eugene Richter, with annotations and amendments rendering the work specially adapted for use in the U. S. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867.)—We have carefully compared this translation with the original, and though it bears marks of the haste in which it was executed for the press, we find it on the whole a creditable piece of workmanship. We may say more than that. It is easier to translate a play of Lessing's or of Schiller's than some of these chapters, full of technical business terms, and full of new words to which the dictionaries, made before

the day of the great co-operative movement, hardly afford a clue. In several instances we have noticed difficulties of these sorts which have been very skillfully overcome in the rendering. It remains to hope that this volume, accessible to all from its cheapness, and undoubtedly the most practical of its kind in the English language, will be widely purchased by the working classes, and will encourage them to establish societies and stores for mutual help. The sixth chapter is one of the most important, because it deals with the question of sales, as between making them general to the public or confining them to members. We do not say it would be regrettable if the latter course should prove the more popular in this country, but we think that in the former lies the germ of the great moral advantages obtainable through co-operation. It is, of course, something that men of small earnings should get the necessities of life at a considerable discount, and it is worth while to combine for this, and this only; but we honor those who are content to fund this discount before touching it, and who connect with the object of cheap living that of social and intellectual improvement, and who make the store only the basement to the library and the lecture-room, and a means to purer homes and happier domestic relations. If there is any doubt—and the author presents all sides very fairly—we advise that the benefit of it be given rather to the English than the German example, on the principle that the former is likely to be better adapted to our national conditions and character than the latter. In conclusion, let us reproduce here the table of contents:

I. History of Co-operative Stores in England; II. Nature and Object of Co-operative Stores in England; III. Formation of Co-operative Stores in Germany; IV. Nature and Object of Co-operative Store Societies in Germany; How to start a Co-operative Store; Constitution and Laws of Co-operative Store Societies; VII. Different kinds of Business, and their Peculiarities; VIII. Establishment of Business and Accumulation of Capital; IX. Purchase of Goods; X. Sale of the Goods; XI. Book-keeping in Co-operative Stores; XII. General Hints for Management of Business; Index.

Recent Republications.—The lives and the heroic death of noble men having instruction for all the world, and being too seldom told without prejudice or without undue exaggeration, it is a solid service to the public which Mr. Higginson, seconded by his publishers, Messrs. Sever & Francis, Cambridge, has done in preparing a second edition of the "Harvard Memorial Biographies." The mechanical part of this edition, indeed, is wholly new, and the literary has doubtless been improved by corrections which the editor solicited in March last. In one instance we notice a biography of the average fulness substituted for one purely temporary, and therefore too brief, in the first edition. The list of obituary works at the end is also more complete, and just allusion is made by name to some of the Harvard dead whose courage and devotion and self-sacrifice during the war—everything but military enlistment, or death as an immediate or evident result of army experience—would have entitled them to a place in this record, and some day on the stone tablets of the college whenever erected. In short, except for a well proportioned shrinking in dimensions of page and margin and type, the present edition is more desirable than the former, being as carefully printed and as neatly bound. Its price is too moderate for profit as it is for the real value of the contents, which include, we must not forget to say, Mr. Lowell's lofty commemorative ode.

Messrs. George Routledge & Sons' cheap edition of Bulwer's works, of which the sample before us is "The Last of the Barons," is sold at a price that puts the volumes within the reach of everybody. It appears in stiff paper covers, the print is of course fine, the paper is pretty strong, and the edition generally—though it will not be purchased by those who care to have only good-looking books on their shelves; for that class of readers Lippincott's more expensive "Globe Edition" is better—is yet to be commended to the attention of the many people with a strong appetite for novel reading who want to have at hand all the famous novels, but whose purses, like the purses of most novel readers—and other people—are not burdensome in size and weight.

The New York, Boston, and Philadelphia editions of Dickens's works are issued punctually according to the programmes of their respective publishers. Between them all a complete set could already be made, of course at the expense of uniformity. Each, as we have heretofore shown, has its peculiar claims and its peculiar admirers. Last week yet another—the "Charles Dickens edition" of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields—appeared, and up to this time we have seen none better and none so good. It is not meant for the pocket, but is of fair, well-proportioned dimensions, and is distinguished by its blue cloth covers, stamped with the autograph of the author. The full page is employed, without columns or dividing rules, and the print, though, small is not tryingly small.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

THE END AT LAST.

WE presume the work of reconstruction, so far as Congress has to do with it, is now over. This time there is no mistake about the meaning of the Reconstruction bill. The military commanders are fairly installed in possession of the supreme authority in the districts assigned to them, and the President is more powerless than ever he was, for he has fired the last arrow in his quiver. He has said, it is true, that he will never "willingly execute" the law—a speech which threw Mr. Boutwell into a state of great excitement and made him call more solemnly than ever for impeachment; but then if presidents were to be tried and deposed for not executing laws "willingly," we fear hardly any president would reach the end of his term, because at least one law is passed in every term which the "chief magistrate" would rather not enforce. The mass of the public, we think, will be perfectly satisfied if he executes the law at all, and has given up caring greatly what his state of mind is. His last two communications to Congress, particularly the one in which he suggests the possibility of Congress having to assume the whole debt of the Southern States as the legal consequence of its interference with the work of reconstruction, were too foolish to make it worth anybody's while ever again to follow the course of his thought with either interest or anxiety. As long as he seemed a bold and desperate man, as he undoubtedly did when he first began the game of vituperation in the spring of 1866, his manner of looking at public questions naturally was of considerable importance. But the course which Congress has ever since pursued has so cooled his courage that we really believe him to be at this moment one of the most inoffensive men in public life. As a general rule, when a president announces that he means "to take the Constitution for his guide," as Mr. Johnson has so frequently done of late, he means that he intends to pursue a perfectly harmless career. The South, too, has by this time given up depending on him. No doubt there was a good deal of mischief done at first by his exposition of his views, but the extent of his powers is now known to everybody, and whatever hates or hopes Southern men may cherish they certainly have ceased to rely on Andrew Johnson for the means of gratifying them.

We have no doubt impeachment is by this time an unpleasant subject to a large and respectable body of members in both houses of Congress. Indeed, we know from Mr. Stevens himself that he, at least, wishes he never were to hear it spoken of again, and we feel sure that many other members are equally sensitive. We therefore refer to it with considerable reluctance, and without the least desire or intention of wounding any gentleman's feelings. But we owe it to ourselves and to the public to mention that the affair has ended very much as we expected it would end—in rather ridiculous failure. The longer the investigation lasted, the louder were the promises of the impeachers and the smaller their performance. The committee has quarrelled a good deal, and indulged in much open recrimination; but in spite of their quarrelling none of their "startling revelations" have ever reached the public. We venture to repeat the assertion which we have already several times made, that the public knows now as bad things of the President as any member of the committee knows, and that the efforts of the minority have for the last six months been directed simply to making up in bulk of evidence for what was lacking in quality. When this movement was first started, nearly a year ago, we attempted to show why it ought not to succeed, and we prophesied that it would not meet with any popular favor, although at that time the country was seething with excitement and the penalties of differing from Messrs. Stevens and Boutwell on any public question were heavier than they are now. We have never since then abated one jot of our confidence in the popular good sense with regard to it, in spite of many vigorous remonstrances from excitable subscribers, and the result has fully justified us. So, too, when, shortly after THE NATION was started, we ventured to controvert the theory which was set afloat in Massa-

chusetts, that the Supreme Court could be got to establish negro suffrage by declaring all governments to be non-republican which made electoral discriminations based on color, we incurred some obloquy for taking such a cold, heartless view of the powers of the court in opposition to such weighty authorities as Messrs. Boutwell and Sumner, and we forget how many others of like respectability. We were not shaken, however, and we have lived to see this same court decide against Mr. Boutwell's whole plan of reconstruction, and see him denouncing it with his usual fervor and threatening it with abolition for its perverseness. We have not the slightest doubt that the confiscation scheme will meet with the same fate as the impeachment scheme. The knowledge of history and of legislative science may not be very widely diffused amongst the American people, but the sound common sense, the feelings, hopes, and sympathies out of which the lessons of history and the principles of legislative science are drawn, pervade all classes and conditions, and any writer or speaker who holds to these lessons and principles firmly may feel right well assured that even if his path should temporarily diverge from the popular path, he will not fail to come out in the end in the same place.

Speaker Colfax told the story of reconstruction to the crowd under his window on Saturday night, in Washington, in fewer words and with more force and effect than we have ever seen it told, and it is a story which does infinite credit both to Congress and to the people. The process has now lasted two years; it has been marked by much foolish speaking, no doubt, and much waste of time, but we doubt if it would be possible to point to a legislative process in any age or country of equal intricacy and gravity which has been marked by so few mistakes. The essential facts of the case were, when the war closed, little known; they were infinite in number and variety, and they had been complicated by Mr. Johnson's premature and unwarrantable interference. Every step taken, therefore, at the outset, had to be tentative. Nothing positive was done till the South had fairly recovered its self-possession, and had revealed its real spirit. This spirit was then met by a minimum of coercive legislation. The Freedmen's Bureau act and the Civil Rights act were the least that could be done, if anything was done at all, to secure to the negroes not political rights, properly so called, be it remembered, but the common rights of humanity, and the Southern States were offered, in the Constitutional Amendment, conditions of restoration in which the North exacted nothing whatever as a victor in a bloody struggle. It simply asked the South to adapt its political organization to the alterations in its social organization. The South, acting under the advice of Northern Democratic politicians—perhaps the shallowest politicians which any country or age has ever produced—refused this offer with much bombast and rant. A whole year was then taken for the next step, and this next step was to arrange machinery for bringing the South into the Union *nolens volens*, not as a slave or a vassal, but with every form and guarantee, right and privilege, which has ever been found in, or suggested for, a free government.

Affliction and disappointment have, beyond a doubt, reconciled the Southern whites to their fate, and this time the revolted States will qualify for readmission, and will be readmitted. The duty of the Northern people in the meantime is clear. They ought, in the first place, to embody in their own legislation the principles they are forcing on the acceptance of the South; in the next place, bear with patience and good temper any capers which Southern politicians may be pleased to cut while coming back to their old places; in the third place, devote themselves strenuously during the next ten years to the work of education. If the experiment of freedom and equality should not end well in the South, it is ignorance that will cause its failure. What the blacks as well as the whites need is not land but light, and this no expense or labor ought to be spared to supply, and the more demagogues rave and rant, the more car-loads of teachers and books we ought to send off. Every time Governor Perry makes a speech, a dozen fresh schools ought to be opened with Northern money. Every time Wendell Phillips calls for forty acres of land and a nomination for the Vice-Presidency for every black head of a house, a ton of school-books, besides periodicals, ought to be ordered and despatched. Of this work we cannot do too much; and in it we cannot waste or go astray.

THE MEXICAN SENSATION IN EUROPE.

THE great topic occupying the attention of the public in England and on the Continent during the last two or three weeks has been the death of Maximilian. Judging from the language of the press, and of "good society," we should be driven to the conclusion that the execution of a man taken in arms against an established government had never been heard of before, if we did not know that most of the sympathy expressed for Maximilian was poured out, not on a good man who had come to an untimely end, but on a European gentleman of ancient lineage who had been slain by Mexicans and half-breeds. The argument of the *London Times* that the atrocity of killing him lay in the fact that the fighting was over, and no further danger was to be apprehended from him, applied with equal force to the case of Governor Eyre, by whose permission or with whose connivance a thousand persons, men and women, were tortured or executed in Jamaica, not after the fighting was over, for there never had been any fighting, but after every symptom of disorder had disappeared. As far as mere inhumanity is concerned, Mr. Eyre is a far more execrable person than Juarez, and yet Mr. Eyre's cause has been taken up by almost the entire upper class in England, by her leading poet and one of her leading philosophers; his wife has been presented with testimonial jewellery by a large body of the choicest women of the choicest circles; he has been received at court and is enjoying a very comfortable and honored existence, although the Lord Chief-Justice, in spite of his remarkable command of language, acknowledged that he found some difficulty in expressing his sense of the atrocity and illegality of the governor's performances during the latter days of his administration. Mr. Eyre's friends acknowledge, it is true, that he indulged in unnecessary severity, but they excuse him on the ground that he thought it was necessary—an excuse which can be put forward with equal force for Juarez. What a man thinks, we can only infer from his acts and speeches; and judging from these, there is as little reason to suspect the sincerity of Juarez's convictions as that of those of Governor Eyre.

It thus appears that the question of the morality or immorality of killing a political adventurer or malcontent under martial law turns, in European eyes, not so much on the nature of the process or of the crime as on the social position of the victim. An officer may, under the influence of a panic or from mere cruelty of temper, kill negroes or peasants or such like, after the killing of anybody at all has, in the eyes of all calm lookers-on, become totally useless; but if he kills a prince under similar circumstances he exposes himself to the execration of mankind, and all civilized countries are bound to break off all intercourse with the government which employs him. A more startling and discreditable illustration of the shifting basis on which the notions of political morality rest in many of the most highly civilized countries of the world has hardly ever been afforded than is afforded by these two cases of Eyre and Maximilian, and luckily they have occurred in sufficiently close juxtaposition to make their resemblance very striking.

We observe that a good deal of stress is laid by a portion of the London press on the condemnation passed on Maximilian's execution by the larger and better portion of the public in this country. But it would be a pity to allow Europeans to suppose that American opinion has been in any degree affected by a comparison of the social value of Maximilian with that of Juarez, or that people here have been in any way moved to pity or indignation by the fact that Maximilian was a better born man or was of a more "exalted rank" than his executioner. There are people amongst us—and the celebrated Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, is one—who do think or seem to think that a prince caught filibustering is entitled to less mercy than other men, and that there is something peculiarly fine and heroic and democratic in shooting an aristocrat, and that this is a good way of spreading republican ideas through the world. But the number of these is exceedingly small. Those amongst us who approve of the act do so because they would approve of the shooting of any man under similar circumstances, because they believe it to have been necessary to prevent a repetition of such ventures as that in which Maximilian had been engaged. Those who disapproved of it, amongst whom we count ourselves, did so because they felt it would bring great discredit on the republican cause; because they thought it indicated the continuance

of that ferocity of temper which disgraces Mexican political contests, and the disappearance of which will be the first and only sure sign that the country has entered on a process of regeneration; and because they felt that Maximilian's death was unnecessary, and that, being unnecessary, there were in the circumstances under which he ascended the throne and in his character and antecedents abundant reasons for treating him with indulgence. He enjoyed the extraordinary distinction of being a humane and liberal Hapsburg, of having filled many places of responsibility under the worst government in Europe not with credit only, but with great benefit to all who came under his influence or control; and there is nothing in the code of international morality as it now exists to make his attempt, under all the circumstances, to reign over Mexico a necessary indication that he was either unusually selfish or cruel or ambitious. In fact, his death and the performances in which the Mexican leaders have been indulging since his death, furnish, absurd as it may seem, a better justification of his attempt than anything in his life, because they go to show that whatever his faults may have been he was a civilized man trying to reign over barbarians. To be killed by such a political antagonist as Escobedo, and in order to make way for such a régime as is now established in Mexico, would entitle a far worse man than Maximilian to some of the honors of martyrdom in the eyes of a vast number of good people who thought his coming to Mexico wholly wrong.

THE BENCH AND THE BAR.

The North American Review for July contains an article exposing some of the corruptions and abuses which disgrace the administration of justice in the city of New York, the truth of which will not be questioned by any one at all familiar with the facts. It declares that many of the judicial officers of this city are in the habit of using their position for purposes of indirect and unwarrantable profit, that some of them take and indeed extort direct bribes, and that most of them are incompetent to fill properly the stations which they hold.

We are in possession of information of the most explicit kind, and upon the best authority, which confirms some of the gravest charges thus made, and demonstrates to our satisfaction, as it would to the satisfaction of the public, the personal corruption of some of the judges; but the details having been given to us in confidence, we are not at present free to publish them. It ought not to be necessary to do so, and if the friends of the parties implicated are wise they will withdraw their opposition to a change in the system which has made such things possible, without compelling the advocates of reform to spread before the world facts with which many lawyers are already familiar, but which are only vaguely suspected by the community at large.

Leaving *The Review*, however, to deal with the judiciary for the present, we desire to call attention to the condition of the bar, as a branch of the general question upon which the reviewer has but lightly touched. It could not reasonably be supposed that the bench might be degraded without dragging the bar down with it. There are no legal restraints, and few moral ones, upon the practice of the law other than such as are imposed by the discretion and moral sense of the judges. It is not to be expected that any very stringent restraint can be put upon bad lawyers by judges who are conscious that they neither have nor deserve the respect of the public themselves.

Accordingly, it has happened that a large and ever-increasing tide of young men have been pouring into the profession of law in this city, with very little evidence as to their abilities or character; while many of the older members of the bar have fallen into habits entirely inconsistent with the high character which such a profession ought to maintain. With regard to the bar, as with regard to a great many other things, the great cities are in an exceptional condition. In small towns and country districts the necessity for rigid, or, in fact, any rules of admission, is not very apparent to the ordinary mind. Of course it could be easily shown that the most important of political and social considerations is that justice should be well administered, and that justice cannot be well administered unless the judges are aided by enlightened, honest, and well-trained advocates. But then, throughout the country generally, every man's moral character as well

as his professional competency becomes very soon well known to his neighbors, and the bar, like everything else, is, if the bench be in a fair condition, kept tolerably pure and fairly learned by public opinion. Knaveish or ignorant lawyers cannot thrive in a small community, and the country bar is thus sifted by the clients themselves, perhaps even more thoroughly than it could be by any legal machinery. But in the large cities no such check on knavery or ignorance exists. Nobody but the leaders of the profession are known to the general public. Below them there may be, and there is, a vast swarm of lawyers of whom nobody, except their unfortunate clients, knows anything, and who literally live by lying in wait for the unwary; and in a place like New York the unwary are so numerous, and the general indifference of each person to all concerns but his own is so great, that it is possible for a dishonest or incompetent lawyer to pursue a career of dishonesty and blundering for a lifetime without having his fame as a cheat or blockhead spread abroad.

The government in most civilized countries undertakes to guarantee that members of the bar shall have a certain degree of knowledge and a fair moral character; and in most European countries, even in England, where the guarantee of legal knowledge was, until very recently, a sham, there is some tribunal within the bar charged with the responsibility of seeing that advocates are not guilty of flagrant misconduct. Law and medicine are, in fact, generally admitted, even by the disciples of the *laissez-faire* school, to constitute exceptions to the general rule which forbids state interference with the pursuit of private callings; because lawyers and doctors are persons whom the very poorest must sometimes employ, and whose mistakes may cause ruin or death. The doctor deals in poisons and the lawyer stands between the suitor and justice, and in all highly civilized countries, with a complicated legal system, must stand between them; and it therefore seems absolutely necessary that somebody should formally ascertain whether they understand their business, or have character enough to perform it faithfully. The experiment of letting everybody come to the bar with as little trouble as possible, and letting the public find out the good lawyers as they find out the good grocers, was tried in this State in the constitution of 1846. The courts, however, refused to admit men to the bar absolutely without enquiry, obliged candidates to furnish certificates of "good moral character," and to pass an examination in law. But here is one more illustration of the worthlessness of regulations on paper, unless there are men upright enough and courageous enough to enforce them. We venture to say the required certificate of "good moral character" could be procured by any male adult in this city who had not served a term in the State prison, and it might, we think, be procured even by some who have served a term in the State prison—John Morrissey, for instance. The examination for admission, too, is a farce, and has for many years been a farce. Any smart boy who could borrow Kent's Commentaries for a month might pass it, and men do pass it who are no more fit to take charge of legal business than to navigate a seventy-four. The graduates of Columbia College Law School have of late been admitted, as a matter of course, without examination, but they are lost in the crowd who come in without even a pretence of training; and in the general scramble it is very doubtful whether in this city their education renders them any help whatever in securing business.

The present condition of the New York bar, as regards legal knowledge, could only be adequately described by the older members of the profession. But its moral condition is known to everybody who has had much to do with law or lawyers. No one feels any responsibility for preserving the reputation of the bar. No one attempts to punish a dishonest lawyer, unless directly interested, for himself or his clients, in securing a remedy. There are many lawyers in practice in this city who habitually plunder their clients, sometimes by retaining the moneys collected by them, sometimes by selling their clients' interests outright to the adverse party. One of the most reputable firms in the city not long ago offered a bribe to a young lawyer opposed to them, to allow judgment to go against his client by default. The offer was refused; but it would never have been made by lawyers of so much respectability if it had not been true, as they said, that such offers had been accepted in other cases. Instances in which collecting lawyers appropriate their clients' funds to their own use are

notoriously far from rare; but they are seldom brought before the courts, partly because other lawyers are unwilling to expose and quarrel with their professional brethren, partly because clients think it better to compromise their claims, and partly because of the political or other influences which these rogues can bring to bear upon the judges.

The most striking illustration of the condition of the bar is to be found in the fact that, although the corruption of some of the judges is notorious and is within the personal knowledge of a large number of lawyers, not one of them ventures to expose it, or even to organize a movement amongst his brethren to prosecute the offenders. Cases of this kind have occurred in other countries before now, but only when the judges were sheltered by the government and there was no law through which their misconduct could be punished. Here the bad judges are supported by nobody except a small gang of knaves in and around the City Hall, and the people have provided ample means for bringing them to justice; and yet it would, we venture to assert, be impossible to-day to find ten lawyers, no matter how high their standing, with courage enough or public spirit enough to have a judicial offender removed from the bench, so low has the tone of the profession fallen and so thoroughly cowed are its leading members. This fact, for fact it is, suggests some startling conclusions as to the policy advocated by some of letting whatever is bad in the body politic go on getting worse, in the expectation that we shall at last touch bottom, and then the people, finding badness unendurable, will begin to work vigorously for reform. Unfortunately there is no bottom to badness. There are hardly any depths of human degradation of which it can be said that they are the lowest that can be reached. Moreover, in sinking very low, men lose the capacity for reform. In the downward progress the moral sense gets blunted, the horror of what is bad lessened by familiarity, and the desire for reform, and, therefore, power of reform, weakened. More striking examples of this truth than the apathy of the best men of the New York bar with regard to the rascalities of their professional brethren, and to the corruption and degradation of the bench, and the apathy of all classes with regard to the corruption of the city government, could hardly be offered.

Various propositions are made with a view to a reform in this state of affairs. It seems to be generally conceded that the profession of law should be regarded as a species of public office, and the State should not leave it as widely open to the world as if it were a mercantile or mechanical pursuit. Some propose the restoration of the old rule requiring a long period of apprenticeship or collegiate training; but the objection to this is that it creates an iron rule which must operate oppressively upon men of superior talent, who can qualify themselves for practice in half the time required by others. In this country it is by no means uncommon for men who have followed mercantile or other business for years, after coming of age, to forsake these occupations for the practice of law. Such also was the case with one of the profoundest legal writers of England, who entered into the law after he was forty years old, and had to wait several years for admission. An arbitrary delay is unjust to such men, whose experience in business affairs is often of more value to them in their legal practice than half the training of a lawyer's office or of a classical institution.

The real remedy, as it seems to us, must be found in more stringent examinations at the admission of candidates, and in a more rigid watchfulness over the conduct of lawyers after their admission. For both of these things there is sufficient provision by law; but neither can be practically attained without an entire reform in the judiciary, nor without an effective organization of the better class of members of the bar. Judges whose integrity and ability are beyond question, and whose position is sufficiently secure to make them fearless of evil-doers, will not hesitate to purge the profession of unworthy members upon proper application; and there is abundant material in the bar, even as it now exists, for an organization which should make it a business to expose fraud and trickery, and secure their punishment. The failure of past efforts for this purpose need not discourage any one, provided the Convention has the wisdom to frame, and the people to ratify, a constitution abolishing the elective judiciary. That system is the root of most of the evils from which justice now suffers, and all the power of good men should be directed to a change in it.

"FEMALE INFLUENCE."

THE elevating and refining influence of women on society has been for many years a favorite theme at debating clubs, commencement exercises at colleges, and amongst the writers for country magazines and the flowery orators who are usually called upon to respond to the toast of "Woman" at public dinners. In the discussion about the admission of women to the suffrage which is now raging, the opponents of the movement are very eloquent on the same subject, and draw glowing pictures of the enormous moral power wielded by women in social life, and wielded for good, and which women would be sure to lose if they were permitted to vote. Anybody who is familiar with the declamation which is poured forth on this matter, year by year, will acquit us of exaggeration when we say that the sum and substance of it is that man—that is, the male man—is a creature with naturally low and coarse tastes; that the influence of men on each other is hardening, even brutalizing; that communities composed of men solely naturally and inevitably drift into sensuality and irreligion, and that the presence of women is absolutely necessary to prevent men making beasts of themselves; that therefore women are the great civilizers and elevators of society. This work of civilization and elevation they do negatively, however, if we may say so, rather than actively; not by the utterance of valuable thoughts, or by the example of lives of usefulness or self-sacrifice, so much as by being pretty and graceful, patting men on the head when they are tired, bringing their slippers to them, playing on the piano for them, putting arnica and wet cloths on their bruises, looking grave and blushing or leaving the room when they are profane or indecent, having silvery laughs, making nice little absurd speeches about the events of the day, breaking down sweetly over arithmetical calculations, and in being so very helpless and very dependent, both physically and mentally, as to call on men constantly for displays of tenderness and sympathy. In fact, the refining portion of their influence seems to result from the entertainment afforded by their innocence, absurdity, and inefficiency and prettiness, and the softening portion from their constantly furnishing the men about them with a spectacle of physical and mental weakness.

We do not say this picture is a true one, but it is the picture drawn by two-thirds of those who talk about "woman's influence" on society, as it is now exerted, and praise it up as something not to be changed or meddled with, and who maintain that, if we exposed women to the play of political passions or interests, something very valuable would be lost to the world. We are, however, of the number of those who, while thinking the millennium a long way off, and while expecting no sudden or very marked improvement in human society from any regulation or extension of the suffrage, do still believe that the influence now exerted by woman on society is not half so great as people believe it to be; that what there is of it is not wholly good; and that we have reached a stage of progress at which it must undergo some change to prevent its becoming positively mischievous or retarding, and who think that, apart from all question of right or justice or good government, anything which promises to make the female mind a little more masculine in its way of working will be a positive gain for society. The arts by which women spread refinement and purity nowadays are arts which were adapted to the condition and habits of men in the Middle Ages and down to the end of the last century, but they are antiquated, and bid fair very soon to become, if they are not already, useless, and worse than useless. The man for whose cultivation and elevation the typical lady of modern society was created was a man who passed his days in hunting or fighting or robbing, and his evenings in drinking and listening to indecent songs and stories. He had little or no book-learning; he had very few ideas; in politics and religion he did not think, he felt; and in the conduct of his life he was governed by a code of his own invention, in which sins were elevated into the rank of virtues and virtues degraded into crimes. His passions were boisterous, his sense of resentment strong, his hates violent, and all his tastes coarse. The woman of that time, therefore, became just the kind of woman which such a man required in order to keep society from going to pieces. He being passionate, overbearing, impatient of contradiction, and unused to self-restraint, she became sweet-tempered, submissive, patient, forbearing; he having no education, few ideas, and having absolutely no interest in intellectual pursuits, she became a sort of refined amusement for him—something vastly purer than he could get in the hall amongst his retainers or at the dinner-table with his male friends; she sung or played on some musical instrument for him, or said pretty nothings to him, or caressed him. He passed his days in a world of lawlessness and violence, in which most men carried their lives on their sleeve, and in which nothing was respected but the strong hand; he found in her a companion who lived by the moral law, who had no defence but her weakness,

and who could be, and was proud of being, pure and above reproach, and who diffused around her an atmosphere of calm. Her society furnished, in short, a complete contrast to men's society; it was not only something different, it was something vastly better; it had to be better to prevent the family, as an institution, from disappearing completely.

Within the last century or two, however, a great change has come over men's manners and modes of life. The man who in the eighteenth century spent his days in fox-hunting or badger-drawing or cock-fighting and his evenings in boozing or quarrelling, because he could find nothing better to do, now finds a thousand means of refined distraction, and is, consequently, a changed man. Men now travel a great deal, read a great deal, listen to a great deal of music, are fond of and see a great many pictures, attend meetings and lectures, and are constantly occupied with weighty problems in sociology, in religion, in morals, in science, or in trade. In fact, commerce in our day has become so widely diffused and its operations so complicated that a business man's brain is worked almost as hard as a mathematician's was a century ago. In every field of activity men have made enormous strides in advance. They are more moral, more refined, more reflective, more intellectual, purer in their tastes and pleasures than they were, and this we take the liberty of ascribing not to female influence, but to the progress of civilization, to the influence of art, science, literature.

But while men have changed, women have remained very much the same. Their range of ideas is about the same it was a century ago; the arts by which they please are about the same; they still play a little, sing a little, dance a little, talk a little bad French, look pretty through ever varying combinations of color and form in dress; still remain amusingly ignorant of "men's subjects" and "men's books;" still talk charming nonsense on the "great questions" of the day; are still proud of their inability to reason, and are still supposed to be incapable of taking care of their own virtue, and have to have "male protectors" to murder the people who seduce them; still revel in sentimentality; and still make amusement, pure and simple, the great business of the early part of their life. We do not say that, such as they are, they do not exercise a refining influence on manners, particularly in semi-civilized communities. In the mining regions, for instance, where adventurers from all parts of the world are assembled together in mad pursuit of gold, and where the law lies in every man's revolver, and home or household is unknown, we can well believe that the sight of a petticoat in the streets, or of a woman seated at her own fireside, does, by recalling the civilization which has been left behind, and the tender memories of home and childhood which never wholly die out in any man's breast, make the community somewhat better than it was, and accelerate its progress on the upward road. But no careful observer of the signs of the times can help seeing that woman's power as a moral and social influence is, in all the more highly civilized countries of the world, decidedly on the wane; that she does not fill the place she used to fill in men's eyes; that the parlor does not furnish the pleasant contrast to the world outside that it once did; that her "pretty ways" have by no means the attraction they once had; that marriage is falling more and more into disfavor, and amongst young men of the educated classes becomes rarer and rarer, club life and irregular connections more and more popular; that—to express an unpleasant idea in a plain way—the wife does not, in their eyes, differ sufficiently from the mistress to make it worth while to encounter, for her sake, the hard work, privation, and self-restraint which, in our days, are necessary to maintain a household comfortably and give children a fair start in life; that the fine speeches one hears about female influence are simply repetitions of phrases which once had a meaning, but have lost a large part of it; that, in short, the average woman of to-day, after she has been duly trained for the society of the modern man, and "brought out" by her mother, does not differ essentially from the woman who was trained for the society of the man of the twelfth or seventeenth century, while the difference between the two men is enormous.

The vices to which men incline in this age are not coarseness and brutality, and yet these are almost the only vices against which woman's training in the present day enables her to contend. Men's manners are tolerably soft, and are, under all the influences of our civilization, growing every day softer, and would grow softer, in our opinion, if (which Heaven forbid) there was not a woman in the world. The sin which most easily besets modern society, that into which even the best men in the most highly civilized countries are running, is the sin of materialism, the love of material enjoyment and of display, the lavish expenditure of money on the means of physical comfort, and on the elevation of physical comfort into the great end and aim of life; contempt for ideas, for moderation, for simple pleasures, for self-denial; indifference to all distinction not based on or supported by money. To this tendency, which, in some of the great capitals of the world, is reproducing the

mental condition of the pagan society of the ancient world, woman offers absolutely no resistance. On the contrary she is, we venture to assert, the influence which most favors and promotes it. She is the spur which in our day sends men through fire and water in pursuit of wealth; she is the goddess for whose shrine the costliest things the air, earth, and sea affords are sought. To have their wife outshine other women, or have her think she outshines them, in plate, houses, horses, furniture, dress, and jewellery, is at this moment the object on which the health, heart, soul, and energies of half the men of the modern world are expended. Of real enjoyment of the fruits of men's toil, men every year get less and less—women every year more and more. That women should play no nobler part than this in society we can hardly wonder, when we consider what their education is. There have been additions made to it of late in the schools, but in point of fact the multiplication of instructors has ended in little else than an increase of weariness, because at the age at which a boy really begins to lay hold of ideas, and to prepare in earnest for the great work of life, a girl is taken home, and "brought out." During the next ten years—in other words, the golden period of her life—she is simply a candidate for matrimony, and her sole occupation is going on visits to "young friends," and having "young friends" come on visits to her—the visits being passed in going to parties, reading novels, and criticising young men, and the whole energies and thoughts of all her friends during that period being devoted simply and solely to providing her with amusement, to securing her what is called "a good time"—that is, constant protection against serious thoughts by constant changes, of place and people and clothes.

It may, of course, be said that, as society is at present constituted, woman's proper sphere of activity is social life, that it is in this her ambition has to be gratified, and her triumphs have to be won; that social life consists largely in the dispensing of hospitality, and that hospitality, to ordinary human beings, is rendered all the more grateful by elegance, costliness, and even display. We admit that it would be difficult to rate too highly the social art. There is no grace, or gift, or acquisition which does not enter into it. Society is, perhaps, the purest pleasure of civilized life, and that of which the influence may be made most elevating and refining, and we admit, too, that the conduct of it rightfully and properly belongs to woman; that she has all the natural qualities required to conduct it successfully. But we deny that she does conduct it successfully, and we deny still more emphatically that she receives any training for it, either from teachers or parents. Of course every man can recall exceptions to this rule. One meets everywhere women so richly endowed by nature that art could do but little to heighten their attractions, whose influence on men is ennobling, whose lives are a constant protest against the materialism of the age, and in whose hands the art of entertaining becomes the noblest of all the arts—the art which does most to purify ambition, to exalt the ideal side of life and cast down the material, and to infuse grace, sentiment, and poetry into the daily doings of commonplace people. But only comparatively few women are thus endowed. To play their part in society with efficiency, most women would need, it is safe to say, a more elaborate training than men receive for any pursuit or calling. Personal adornment and the tasteful arrangement of the house are, after all, only the lowest branch of the art; and how few women ever receive for this art any training whatever, and how few can be said to possess it. If they devoted their lives to the acquisition of it—if even the "leaders" of "fashionable society" had or could make any pretence to it, there might be sense in the cry that the suffrage would spoil the sex for social life. As it is, the cry is senseless.

We admit we have only discussed the subject from an economical point of view, and want of space compels us to leave many things unsaid and many other things only half said. The passionate influence of women, on which we have not touched, is, of course, very powerful, and affects men and society at large very seriously, but that influence is not likely to be affected by any possible distribution of the franchise.

HOW WE MIGHT RIDE.

A RECENT article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is devoted to an account of the public conveyances of Paris, and from it we derive the statistics which follow. In nothing does the French passion for organizing appear more strongly than here, nor to better advantage.

For ten years succeeding 1835 all the coaches of Paris of the genus *fiacre* were controlled by a monopoly. A strike in 1865 made evident some evils which caused in May of last year a return to free competition, by sanction of the Government, and now, under certain impartial conditions, everybody

may station his carriages on the public way or let them from his own private stand, or both. There are now reckoned 1,800 proprietors, of whom nearly half own but a single vehicle and a single horse; and there is, besides, the General Company, which surpasses all in the extent and efficiency of its organization. Their carriages, which, under the general name of *fiacre*, or *petite voiture*, embrace the *coupe* (or English cab), victoria, and various other well-known styles of four-wheeled carriages, are divided into three classes, according as they stand in the streets (*de place*), or in livery stables (*de remise*), or are at liberty to do either (*mixtes*). The first are numbered conspicuously on the body and on the lanterns in gilt; the last two in red, with the addition of the stamp of the prefecture to which they are subject, P. P. (police), P. S. (Seine). There are 6,101 conveyances of this description, of which 5,181 have a right to stand at the 158 stations indicated by the police, for an annual payment of a franc a day (Sundays, of course, not excepted). The coachman is dressed in uniform, and his carriage is generally scrupulously neat and in good repair. But among the small proprietors it is not strange that something like our New York "bummers" should be met with. Within city limits his charge for "la course," *i. e.*, from his stand to your destination, as you may see by the card he hands you on entering, is one and a half francs (thirty cents specie), with a few cents extra for "pour-boire." By the hour, for as many as the coach will hold, his charge is two and a half francs, or half a dollar. These prices are unremunerative, seeing the great extension of the city by annexation, and the ascending prices of fodder. They will probably soon be raised, as they ought to be, and regulated by the kilometre of travel.

The General Company keeps also its carriages called *de grande remise*, which are let by the day, month, or year, and are designed for the accommodation of the wealthy. For these, the finest of all, they keep the most expensive horses and the most stylish drivers. Monsieur Oran Haut-ton may hire a *calèche* with eight springs and two matched horses for 1,200 francs a month, plus 150 francs for the driver, and six francs a day for the footman, if he desire the latter appendage. At his wedding, the company will furnish any number of aristocratic vehicles, and put bouquets in the button-holes of the drivers. They will at any time dress the latter in his chosen livery, powder them, and paint his coat-of-arms on the panels of his coach. Nobody, in short, shall know that he is not parading his own property and surrounded by his own servants. There are 2,950 of these conveyances.

The number of employees of the General Company is 6,815, of whom 160 are in the company's offices, 900 in its workshops, 160 are inspectors, 180 smiths, 900 washers, 200 greasers, 500 grooms, and 3,925 drivers. In 1866 it owned 4,500 carriages, putting 3,200 in circulation; 10,741 horses, well fed, well groomed and housed, broken in gradually to their work, with abundant relays, constant medical inspection, etc., etc.; and there were 30 livery stations, whose rent was more than \$20,000 per annum. The Company makes its own carriages from the raw material, and every year turns out five hundred new ones, which may last twelve years, and will last ten. A new cab weighs upwards of 1,200 pounds, and will seat four persons besides the driver. It is registered by itself, and a regular account kept with it. Its daily wear is estimated at half a franc; it is painted twice a year, and in the end gets broken up in the shop where it was made. It will then have outlasted two, three, or perhaps four lives of the horses attached to it. In its stable economy especially the Company's system is most admirable; but we cannot go into details. When the driver makes his appearance in the morning he finds his team cleaned and harnessed, and the smith, the wheelwright, the glazier, and the *dégraisseur* have severally examined the objects of their special attention, and never send out a loose shoe, a broken spring, a weak axle, or cracked tire, or broken glass, or greasy cushions. When he takes in a passenger at the private or the public stand, he notes in a little book the hour, the place of departure and of destination, shows it to the inspector at each station, hands it in at night with his fares, less the four francs (his meagre day's wages), and goes to lodge where he pleases.

The police alone authorize a man to be driver of a public conveyance. When he applies to them, they enquire thoroughly into the genuineness of his credentials, writing to his last employer, writing even to his native town for information. If the answers are satisfactory, the driver gets his permit, and with it a number irrespective of that of his coach, and a *dossier*, *i. e.*, his papers or "character," a sort of history and minute description of the man. Should he apply for employment to the General Company, they exact of him a twenty-five franc entrance fee, after an examination calculated to test to the utmost his knowledge of Paris streets. He deposits besides, as security for the payment of the fines he may incur, 200 francs, and then has a six-months' trial before he is fairly installed. He is

probably from the provinces, or of that vast shoal of bankrupts who have experienced fatal reverses in fortune and descend to anything for a living. He is either a decent whip, generally sober, pilfering little from his employers, or generally drunk, or a "bohemian"—the *enfant terrible* of coachmen. In any case his sense of what is and what is not his property will be exceedingly weak, but his cunning surpasses the ingenuity of all devices for detecting him. The Company plants an inspector at every station, who every five minutes records the number of carriages present, watches that the foremost drivers do not feed their horses, nor leave them without permission, and notes the hours of departure and arrival. Other inspectors rove from station to station, taking notes by the way. The Company supports also a secret police, selected from its patrons, and these the drivers dread more than all other surveillance; but they only reveal a part of the dishonesty and misconduct, and they cost, in 1866, 229,552 francs, besides 50,000 paid to the agency which directs them. The fines go to the treasury of mutual aid societies, of which the drivers are members along with other employees. Lastly, the *sergens de ville*, in behalf of the city government, watch the drivers most uncomfortably, and every Tuesday dismount those who have been complained of the week previously, and have been found guilty. The police never fine; the Company dismounts only in the last resort. It is estimated for all Paris that the drivers of the *petites voitures* pilfer 6,680,595 francs a year, by retaining three francs per diem above their allowance; and there is no help for it.

We can barely allude to the special receptacle for things lost in the carriages, which the driver is bound to gather up and deposit with the police. Everything, to a glove, is labelled and numbered, with all circumstance; the owner, if discoverable, is written to; but only forty per cent. of the articles are returned, and one-third of the remainder are umbrellas!

The omnibuses are a monopoly which dates from February 22, 1855. There were, in 1866, 664 of these vehicles, not to mention nearly 200 attached to the railroads. In 1834 the system of exchange-tickets (*correspondances*) was introduced, by which one payment secures a passage on two lines. The Philadelphia horse-cars have or had not long ago a similar arrangement. In 1853 the top of the omnibus was provided with seats along its spine, which are reached by steps at the rear and accommodate twelve persons at three sous each. The interior holds fourteen, at six sous each. When all are filled, the sign "complet" is exhibited, and then it is vain to signal the driver or conductor. The omnibus is longer and broader than those with us, and much nearer the ground. In the outbreak of revolution they are the first prey of the barricade-makers, as ours were in the July riots of 1863. The horses are taken out, the omnibus turned up on its end, and the red cap perched on the end of the pole. They are so heavy and carry their centre of gravity so low that in a press of vehicles they almost always secure the right of way. Like the Persian cavaliers, the Company uses only stallions (9,656 in all), who endure much better than geldings. There are ten attached to each omnibus, serving every day, two at a time, in five relays. On steep acclivities they are assisted by an extra horse. They are stalled and fed in couples in the same box and at a common manger. There is thus a perfect understanding between the driver and his team.

Compared with the hackney coachmen the omnibus drivers are "d'une moralité extrême." Why should they not be? They get only four francs daily, it is true, for the first year of service, and in three years will only have increased this sum to five; but they get now a daily "bread indemnity" of two sous, which goes to offset the high price of provisions, and are clothed at cost and doctored gratis, and have their mutual aid and insurance establishments (*caisses de secours, caisses de retraite*). Besides, they handle no money and are not tempted, and have no solitary passenger to browbeat or defraud. It is the conductor in this case who has to be watched, and must pull the wire of a tell-tale dial and exhibit his book to the 120 inspectors, and withal look out for secret spies as best he may. In reality he steals very little, not so much from principle as from want of opportunity.

There are thirty-one lines of omnibuses, which traverse Paris in almost every direction. In 1866 they carried 107,212,074 passengers, or about 447 per line daily. The lines would be fewer and the average greater but that the Company is compelled to run lines through districts that would otherwise be neglected on account of their poverty, and to charge, nevertheless, a uniform tariff. It is a singular fact that the day of the week conspicuous above the rest for slender receipts is Friday, which the superstition of a Catholic country converts into a day of repose, as not being auspicious for journeying. The earnings, finally, would be more considerable except that, over and above the municipal taxes, the Company is obliged to help clear the snow from the streets.

It is difficult to compare the locomotive facilities of New York with those of either Paris or London. The peculiar topography of this city, its insular situation especially, compels thousands to ride who would naturally walk. Since nature has prescribed limits on three sides, the steam-cars and ferries that are constantly transporting people to and from the suburbs must enter into the supposed comparison. It is, perhaps, true that we walk more from a love of it than either Parisians or Londoners, but it is equally true that with many of us it is a choice of evils, and that with greater facilities there would be far more riding than there is now. Some one who has the leisure will perhaps also take the trouble to estimate exactly for New York the modes of transportation, the number of passengers, the number of vehicles, of horses, of drivers—in short, all the particulars as we have reviewed them in the French system. The first information elicited will be that there is no system, as there is no monopoly, among us. No one company owns most of the hacks and carriages of livery, none controls the omnibuses (or, as we call them, stages), none evolves order out of the chaos of horse-cars, and the strong arm of municipal government to protect the rights of the public is only feebly supplemented by the State. It is easy to gather the superficial data: that there are about 750 coaches that stand at our ferries, our railroad depots, and in the streets and squares, and about 650 "special coaches," as they are called at the City Hall—*de remise*, in Paris, as we have seen; that none of these are at present obliged to take out licenses; that the usual price, where no extortion is attempted, is about the same for each class—\$1 50 per hour, with this difference, that the special coaches charge for the vehicle, whether full or partly filled, and are, therefore, cheaper (as they are far cleaner and more respectable) than the others, which charge each passenger the gross amount; that single trips are more or less expensive according to distance—for \$6 one may ride handsomely through Central Park, and for \$10 to High Bridge. Regular customers can easily obtain the same driver for every occasion, and perhaps in other respects our first-class livery stables may approach the "grande remise" of the Paris company. We should suppose that 4,000 horses would be a fair estimate of the cavalry of these conveyances.

Of omnibuses there are seven lines, embracing, perhaps, 300 vehicles—never, in our experience, "complet," in any sense of the word. They can hardly employ 3,000 horses, though it would not take them long to use up that number. The drivers' wages are from \$1 50 to \$1 75 a day, and it is well understood—by nobody better than by the proprietors—that they regularly help themselves from the cash-box according to their needs and their astuteness. Only the inordinately greedy man can be said to be in danger of detection, for proof is very difficult here, and must be obtained chiefly by averages. Spies are sometimes but not systematically employed, and when suspicion has fallen upon a driver he is dismissed "sans phrases."

There are twelve main and four branch lines of horse-railroads, moving upwards of 800 cars, and owning certainly not far from 8,000 horses. They have extensive stables, with forges and repair-shops attached, but no factories, we apprehend. The drivers and conductors of some receive equal pay, generally \$2; of others, \$2 25 and \$2 50 respectively. What means are taken to preserve the integrity of the conductors we do not know, but the dial system of reckoning passengers was soon abandoned as farcical. In Cincinnati we learn that a trial is to be made, at least in the one-horse cars, of the exploded omnibus device of a transparent cash-box, inaccessible to the driver. In the end it is found that some dependence has to be placed on the honesty of man, and though the losses can be diminished, they can never be wholly prevented.

We have before us a stereoscopic view of the Strand, London. Approaching the spectator, and in the order of mention, are a hansom, a cab, and an omnibus—the last not much different from this at the station Place de la Bourse, or that discharging a passenger on the Boulevard de la Madeleine. The cab is a one-horse coupé, with the driver's seat so low that his head alone shows above the top of the carriage. With us the seat is commonly higher, and the coupé is often drawn by two horses. The hansom is an unfamiliar object in our streets, though one may be seen daily on 'Change, and appears to belong to one of our hotels. It is a low-swung chaise body, with a wooden boot making a front impervious to the wet and mud, a driver's seat behind, and window or trap at top communicating with him. The reins pass over the top, and rub a light iron railing on its edge. These two are the vehicles of the future. They were both tried in New York something over a year ago. Two cabs and four horses were procured, and put in circulation as a charitable experiment; they proved a pecuniary success. The number was extended to eighteen, of which one was a hansom, the rest coupés and victorias. There was opposition; but, resolutely met, it accomplished nothing. The enterprise failed from the usual dishonesty of the employees, and for want of personal attention on the part

of the proprietor, whose proper business he could not neglect. The rates were \$1 an hour in the city limits; \$1 50 including Central Park or crossing the ferries. More extensive calculations were subsequently made for hansoms and coupés, to be managed by a stock company, but from what we have seen of the figures we judge they were too favorable, and that the profits were over-estimated. This scheme proposed as rates twenty-five cents a mile per passenger, or \$1 per hour, and the driver's wages were reckoned at \$12 a week. It was further estimated that each day-cab would return (net) \$7 50, and each night-cab \$5—that is, about twelve hours' hire. But, in 1864, when fodder was cheap, the General Company of Paris realized but 14 francs 55 centimes (about six hours' hire) per cab, of which the day's expenses were 13 francs 43 centimes—a very narrow margin of profit; and in 1865 the figures stood: expense, 15 francs 27 centimes; return, 14 francs 67 centimes—an absolute loss.

We feel very sure that there is scope enough for these small, expeditious, and reasonably cheap conveyances, which no amount of tunnelling or bridging will seriously interfere with, and which will span the serious difference between the car and stage fare and that of the coaches, while giving us all the conveniences and none of the disadvantages of each. We believe, too, that here is an admirable field for the co-operative principle, and we venture to predict that the best solution of the problem how to guard against the speculation of drivers and conductors will be a system in which the gains of these employees are made contingent upon the profits of the companies to which they are attached. Add to this, as far as possible, a uniformity in dress for the sake of an *esprit du corps*, employ good men at fair wages, and there will be reason to hope for the best results for the public and for the capital invested.

THE "GENIAL CRITIC" IN A NEW FIELD.

It was our pleasing duty some weeks ago to make known to our readers the proposal made by the "Genial Critic" of *The Independent* to supply the book publishers with "candid and favorable reviews" of all "books of merit" they might be pleased to send him, in return for the advertising patronage. The inducements he had to offer were obvious, and were set forth with great clearness and explicitness, and foremost amongst them was a very large circulation amongst reading families in "comfortable circumstances," including "eight thousand clergymen." We had for some time previously observed with regret that the Critic, instead of devoting the whole of his valuable time and attention to book notices and book advertisements, had displayed an unplesing partiality also for presenting the reading families and the eight thousand clergymen with the advertisements of quack doctors engaged in the Christian duty of relieving diseased libertines of their spare cash, and for puffing petroleum and other corporations of limited present means but very brilliant prospects. For this we fully expected every week that the Congregational body, whose organ he professed to be, would call him to account, well knowing that the puffing of quack medicines and rising oil companies was forbidden by the laws of Christian morality. We were, therefore, somewhat surprised to find that he was not visited with any formal censure whatever until he revealed symptoms of unsoundness in his doctrine, upon which he was summarily brought before the ecclesiastical tribunals, deposed from his office, and a new organ started in his stead. We were curious to see what use he would make of his newly

acquired freedom, knowing his insatiate lust for advertisements, and watched his course with some anxiety. On the 11th of July there appeared in his columns a savage attack on the bonds of the St. Paul and Chicago Railroad, which led us to hope that he was engaged in the noble work of warning small and ignorant investors against a swindling enterprise, and we were beginning to feel devoutly thankful that in the midst of the general corruption we had at least a pure and fearless "religious press." We were therefore greatly pained to discover last week in an obscure corner of the New York *Tribune* the following unfeeling letter:

"The New York *Independent* seems to be still in the 'general order business' which filled so much of the report of a committee of the last Congress on the New York custom-house. *The Independent* has apparently taken a general order to break down the St. Paul and Chicago Railroad. The Congregationalists of the West have decided, for the most part, that *The Independent* never took holy orders to any great extent. They have accordingly established a paper of their own, under the charge of the Rev. W. W. Patton, called *The Advance*. The people of the West intend likewise to advance the St. Paul and Chicago Railroad, in spite of the calumnies of the financial director of the New York *Independent*."

"OFFICE OF LOCKWOOD & Co., BANKERS,
New York, July 15, 1867.

"The foregoing, cut from a Western paper, suggests the propriety of our indicating to the friends of the St. Paul and Chicago enterprise, and to the public generally, the power that binds the pen of the financial writer for *The Independent*, Mr. H. C. Bowen, who is also, as we are informed, publisher and proprietor of that paper.

"On the appearance of the St. Paul and Chicago Railway advertisement, it was solicited for *The Independent*, first through its agent, then personally by Mr. Bowen, who called at our office, and finally by a letter from that gentleman addressed to one of our firm. On these occasions Mr. Bowen proposed to give the bonds a very favorable editorial notice if they were advertised in his paper, offering that as a great inducement.

"Soft words failing, some three weeks since he sent us a proof-slip of the article which appeared in the issue of *The Independent* of July 11—not printed until after he despaired of the success of his blackmailing efforts.

"LOCKWOOD & Co."

We greatly fear that if this sort of attack on a modest and unassuming Critic be persevered in, the natural sweetness of his disposition will disappear, and he will write scurrilous "notices" not of railroads only, but of some of the choicest compositions of our best authors.

For the guidance of the Critic in his dealings with coy or niggardly advertisers we subjoin a form of circular which we take from the columns of our esteemed English contemporary, *The Tomahawk*:

"We have now been long enough established to sell our pages to enterprising advertisers, like the rest of our contemporaries. We beg, therefore, to submit the charges we make in the 'literary' part of our paper for their inspection, premising that their orders shall be attended to with wit, economy, and despatch:

"A good 'quotable' Review of a trashy Novel. From half-a-dozen gratis copies of new works up to one insertion of a half-column advertisement.

"Superior ditto, with Latin quotations. From one insertion of a column advertisement up to twenty-five insertions of a page advertisement.

"A nice pithy critique of a condemned play. From four orders for 'Two to the Boxes' to an 'Admit three to the Stalls.'

"Superior ditto, with genial and humorous description of the plot. From half-a-dozen private boxes to perpetual advertisement on the editorial page.

"A logical defence of the foreign policy of the government. From three scraps of good information up to a consulship for the editor.

"A pleasant notice of a grocery, etc. (warranted sound and serviceable). From a pot of pickles up to Five Pounds."

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